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New Statesman

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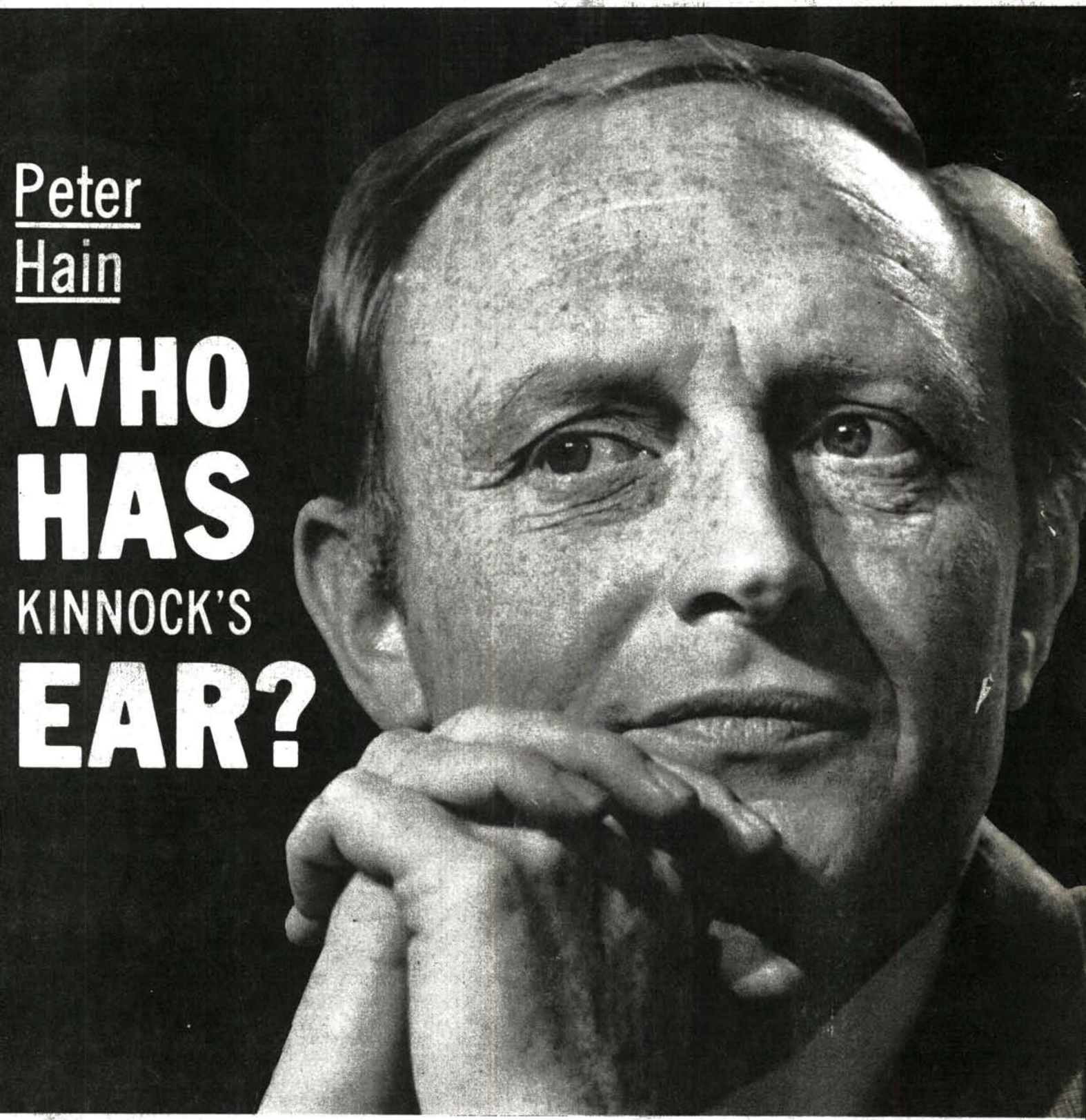

Peter Hain

WHO HAS KINNOCK'S EAR?

PLUS: Peter Kellner: Labour and the Alliance • Sarah Benton: CP after the Congress • Books • Arts

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New Statesman

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Home Office wagon rolls again

THE PROCESS by which societies move in the direction of becoming police states is usually ill-delineated. At the time each extra accretion of State power, while objectionable, does not seem in itself to be the critical watershed. It is only by looking back that the full cumulative effect of the process becomes clear.

Even so, there are milestones that can be spotted along the way. Last week we passed one in the form of the government's White Paper on Public Order Law. If any Act based on the principles of this White Paper reaches the statute book, which is the government's present intention, this country would have taken a massive step in the direction of giving the State powers to prevent the organised expression of opinion by way of demonstration in this country.

The whole thing is handled, of course, in a very British way. Just as the notorious Police and Criminal Evidence Act was passed off as being the government's effort to implement some of the main proposals of the report of the Royal Commission on Criminal Procedure, the present proposals are justified in terms of the recent study of public order and the law, conducted by the Law Commission.

In particular, the White Paper is an obvious reaction to what the Right regards as the 'lessons' of the miners' strike. Using the excuse that during the strike there was some violent picketing with which the police were unable to cope, or only with great difficulty, the White Paper proceeds to propose wide extentions of police powers that would give them the right to prevent, or substantially curtail even peaceful demonstrations and picketing.

The wording of the White Paper is, of course, bland. But this hardly conceals an underlying hysteria on the part of the government and Whitehall about the nature and form of organised protest in a democratic society. A Bill based on the White Paper would create no fewer than four new criminal offences, would lay the organisers of demonstrations and pickets open to criminal charges and substantially widen the definitions of a number of existing offences connected with protest and demonstration.

But it is clear from the White Paper that in the government's view, in addition to miners' mass picketing, most animal rights protests, 'Stop the City' demonstrations and activity at Greenham Common would be regarded as an attempt to 'coerce' others to a point of view, with the consequence that the police would have power to ban them and their organisers would stand in danger of being made criminals.

The White Paper is only the latest example of why any future reforming government must at once abolish the Home Office in its present form. It is the department that is in theory concerned with justice and civil liberties. But in practice its departmental ethos and overriding concerns are set by its responsibilities for the police, and the prison and the immigration services — the active agents of the State.

A sensible reform here would be to hive off responsibility for justice and individual or collective rights to a new Ministry of Justice, leaving most of the other functions of the Home Office, particularly responsibility for law and order, to a Ministry of the Interior — as is the case in most other countries. □

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Public services and the public

THE IGNOMINIOUS collapse this week of the rail union's call for a strike on London Transport over the issue of the new work rosters would not have happened if the NUR had learned the trade union lessons of the last decade. The most obvious point is that, as unions themselves have often pointed out, the decision by any individual to join a strike is not taken lightly. The days when members would respond loyally to the summons of union leaders are long gone.

This is not something to be deplored as a loss of class sensibility, any more than it is a sign of 'Thatcherite' victory. A strike is a particular tactic to achieve a policy objective. It is the responsibility of union leaders both to argue for such objectives for all they are worth, but also to leave it, in the last instance, to the members to decide whether or not they want to use the strike tactic in order to achieve it. The NUR both failed to convince its own members of its case and, most importantly, refused to leave them, through the process of a ballot, to make their own decision.

The sorry aspect of this affair is that the transport unions have an excellent and important case to put in the interests of their own members and of the travelling public (which is all of us). The first is the hugely neglected question of the health and safety of people when at work. The dispute between the NUR and London Regional Transport was over rest hours allowed in the new roster for one person trains. It is an important matter. All the evidence — for example a 1980 Swedish study on local transport workers — is that shift work is, in itself, bad for the health, causing a peculiarly high incidence of, among other things, bowel disorders and heart disease. It is a comment on the absurdly low priority we give to health at work that Britain's Health and Safety Executive has produced no research on the effects on health of shift work and no guidelines on how to minimise its effects.

The train unions on London Transport have already accepted the principle of 'driver only' trains. Throughout public transport, the authorities are pushing to get rid of guards and conductors simply to cut costs. Where the unions have opposed this policy, it has been in order to save jobs. There is nothing wrong, of course, with a fight against unemployment. But there is also a powerful case to put in the interests of the users of public transport. A disproportionate number of those users are elderly, women or children. The presence of a conductor to help the elderly on and off buses, the presence of both guards and conductors on late night transport when women — and quite a few men — feel especially vulnerable to attacks by drunken or violent passengers, improves the quality of public transport.

Successive union strikes in public services and nationalised industries in the last few years have failed to win their objective, even where both workers in and users of those services have substantial areas of common interest. One consequence has been the perceived decline in the quality of those services, not least because this depends on the morale and size of the staff providing it. The time has passed when a union could simply claim that it was striking in defence of a public service — and sit back and wait for the public to believe it.

The labour movement is poorly integrated into the general body politic; it often regards the general political issues of democracy and public service with suspicion. In return, the public often regards the labour movement as alien and disruptive, while it passively grumbles about the deterioration in the public services. Users and unions have a lot to gain by coming together to frame their shared interests — and everything to lose by regarding each other as enemies. □

On the right lines.

Passengers at King's Cross can now use three PETs – or Passenger Enquiry Terminals – to give them train times and fares at the touch of a button. A page of computerised information is selected from an index. In future this page will be printed out for later reference.

At the moment, these self-help machines, linked to Prestel, are on an experimental basis, but, if successful, they will be extended to other stations.

Roast beef specials.

Sunday special trains with the accent on good food and nostalgia are proving a great success.

The round-trip fare includes a three-course roast beef Sunday lunch served on the journey. The trains are so popular that most seats are sold long before the day.

Some trains have been pulled by restored steam locomotives.

So far the specials from London have visited Norwich, York and Stratford on Avon – with the afternoon free for sightseeing.

We're getting there.

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WAS THERE EVER AN OLD LADY WHO TOLD SUCH WHOPPERS?

THE GOVERNOR of the Bank of England, Robin Leigh-Pemberton, has now been ultimately responsible for so many errors of judgment, misleading statements, and acts of public and private disinformation or noninformation over the debacle of the merchant bank Johnson Matthey (JMB) that his resignation ought hardly to be in doubt. But with the exception of one perspicacious Labour MP, Tony Blair (*Sedgefield*), no one has yet looked closely enough at the Bank's whoppers, reports DUNCAN CAMPBELL

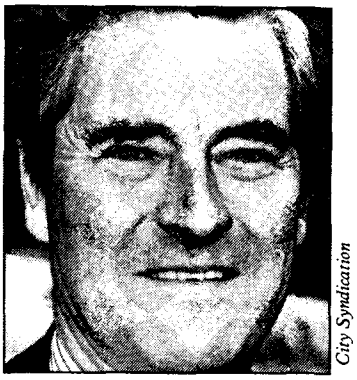
HERE is how the Bank of England has given away at least £100 million to help keep a lame duck merchant bank above the water.

25 Sept 1984. The Bank of England is informed that JMB is insolvent, since it has insufficient capital to cover losses on hundreds of millions of pounds worth of bad loans. But the Bank's banking supervision division should have spotted and stopped JMB's errors of judgment, many months before.

1 Oct 1984. The Bank takes over JMB (nationalises it) at a nominal cost of £1 — acquiring all its (then uncalculated) losses. The Bank tells *The Times* (1 October 1984) that 'there will be no cost to taxpayers and the Bank will not have to put any money into JMB'.

22 Nov 1984. The Bank of England secretly puts £100 million of public money into JMB's account. The Treasury and the Chancellor are not officially informed of this banking matter.

23 Nov 1984. The Prime Minister is questioned about the Bank's announcement that it will pay half the cost of a £150 million loss-sharing arrangement agreed between City institutions. She tells parliament that



City Syndication

The Guv'nor — promise to pay the bearer. . .?

'any losses which the Bank of England may incur. . .will be met. . . from the resources of the banking department of the Bank of England'.

17 Dec 1984. Chancellor of the Exchequer Nigel Lawson makes a statement to the House of Commons about the JMB rescue, and announces an inquiry. He claims that 'I have given no money and no taxpayers' money is involved in this'.

17 Dec 1984. Later that day, in response to *NS* questions, the Bank of England's chief press officer admits, after first categorically denying the claim, that £100 million had indeed been given to JMB on 22 November. He claims that the money is a 'deposit' — technically, a short term loan only.

19 Apr 1985. In response to further enquiries, a Bank of England spokesperson describes the deposit to *NS* as a 'facility' — technically, a loan of indefinite duration.

29 Apr 1985. Tony Blair submits parliamentary questions about the Bank of England's supervision of JMB. The Treasury drafts replies admitting 'departures from normal prudent banking practice' (by JMB), which are sent to Blair at the House of Commons.

3 May 1985. Treasury officials remove these written answers from Blair's House of Commons pigeonhole, and the *Hansard* office, substituting wholly uninformative answers instead. But a journalist has already read the answers, so Blair finds out about the last minute cover-up.

7 May 1985. Blair suspects that the £100 million is finally about to vanish, and submits further written questions asking Nigel Lawson whether the money would be converted into capital — technically, become a permanent and irredeemable public 'investment' in JMB.

13 May 1985. The Bank of England and the Treasury evade giving a direct answer to Blair once again, by making a press statement the day before his answer is due — giving their selective version of the debacle instead. But the press statement admits that Blair was right — the erstwhile temporary £100 million 'loan' is to become capital, very permanent indeed. Not only that, but the Bank's (absolutely unrecoverable) share of the City loss-sharing arrangement will be another £32.5 million, they said.

At the beginning of this week, we asked the Bank of England whether they wished to change their story again. Was the cost to public (since the Bank of England is wholly nationalised) now fixed at £132.5 million? Not quite, it appears. The chief press officer, Nigel Falls, 'wouldn't want to say that there will be no further deposits'. ●

Stead murder still haunts Yorks police

NEW DEVELOPMENTS in the case of Julie Stead, the Bradford woman who was strangled by her former lover (*NS* 21 Sept 1984) have led a Tory MP to call for a review of West Yorkshire police policy on domestic violence.

The police were cleared by the Director of Public Prosecutions of negligent inaction while she was alive and complained to them of her suffering, but this has not satisfied Bradford North's Geoff Lawler. And an investigation by Channel 4's *Diverse Reports* has revealed central interference in the issue.

Lawler has been calling for a review of policy on 'domestics', but has been met by a blanket refusal. The case, he says, raises 'disturbing questions' because 'quite obviously not enough protection was offered otherwise she would never have been killed in this tragic way'.

Checking the assurance that each police force is independent *Diverse Reports* wrote to the 48 Chief Constables of England and Wales, requesting written information on their policy on domestic violence. At this point the Association of Chief Police Officers, stepped into the ring. ACPO issued a ban on interviews while its own general purposes committee consider the matter.

Diverse asked for an interview with the chief constable of West Yorkshire, Colin Sampson, about the issues raised by Julie Stead a month before the date of filming the forthcoming programme. After much to-ing and fro-ing between ACPO and West Yorkshire, including the disappearance of a letter, West Yorkshire refused an interview — a decision based on advice from ACPO.

The Association now claim that all forces follow the same policy on domestic violence with a few 'minor variations'. This is clearly not the case. In police authorities like West Yorkshire policy remains a grey area, whilst elsewhere, eg in Cleveland, they have clarified and written down guidelines emphasising the need for a police officer to protect the woman when called to a 'domestic'.

The charade exposes the lack of police accountability and once more raises the question: do we have a national police force after all?'

Barbra Evans

Diverse Reports 'Getting Away With Murder', 8.30 pm. 29 May.

Men have wheels while women have . . . feet

EVIDENCE is provided by a GLC survey published 20 May which confirms the continuing disparity between the access that men have to privileged forms of transport and to the streets — and women's lack of access.

Believed to be the first survey targeted so specifically to the experience of women in the capital, the report is based on interviews with 905 women. Projecting from these, no less than four out of five women are afraid to go out alone at night in London. And more than a third never travel alone after dark.

Safety is the most important issue raised by the survey. More than one in eight women have been attacked, or harassed in some way, in the last year. Most of these incidents occur in the street (60 per cent) but one in five on trains or at stations. Less than 5 per cent occur on buses — which helps explain why women prefer buses to trains.

Women come out strongly in favour of keeping conductors on London's buses. Half of the sample thought that buses were very safe — as distinct from one in five who thought the tube safe. Four out of five women wanted buses to have conductors.

Men drive cars twice as often as women, while women are passengers in cars twice as often as men — indicating that the car is a symbol of male power, and that where a car is shared, more often than not he drives. 55 per cent of women make a journey on foot at least five times a week, and a further 30 per cent walk at least once a week.

Finally only a third of women over the age of 16 have a driving licence. 70 per cent don't have a car. Anyone for a new transport policy?

Mick Hamer

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American AIDS team in talks with British PWAs

THEY CAME round to the *New Statesman* offices as part of a preliminary search for British media coverage of AIDS, before moving on to interviews, started 10 May, with British PWAs (persons with AIDS). We gave them front pages from the *Sun* etc to illustrate the February 1985 hysteria.

Ordinarily the enterprises are American university archaeological expeditions — more obviously appealing than helping compile data on the lived reality of AIDS. Nonetheless, ten other Americans besides Breazzano and Nichols are putting in upwards of a fortnight each on the British enquiry — including a 73 year old, and presumably retired,

Pam Isherwood/Format

Perched in their temporary Bloomsbury HQ, project co-ordinators Dr Lydia Temoshok (L) and Dr Jane Zich (R) — and in the middle, two of their remarkable helpers, Jane Breazzano (CL) and Marilyn Nichols (CR)

'They' were two American women who have volunteered as helpers in the six-week British end (1 May-16 June) of a five-year University of California enquiry into the psychological and social (as distinct from physical) impact of AIDS on persons of either sex or orientation.

Already operational for two years, California's International Social Science AIDS Research Project (ISSARP) publishes results at intervals in appropriate journals and expects to continue up to about 1987 'as the nature of the epidemic changes, and consequently how people are affected by [social and cultural reactions]'.

The present British enquiry is in the nature of a 'control' on the far more massive US investigation — and includes use of a peculiarly American idea. Marilyn Nichols and Jane Breazzano (*see our picture*) have each paid $1085 to come to England from Minnesota and New Jersey to work under the direction of Dr Lydia Temoshok and Dr Jane Zich, psychologists with University of California (San Francisco) and co-ordinators of the project.

Hard work holidays

The two self-financed helpers lack formal qualifications at the level of Temoshok or Zich, but form part of a roster of generally mature-years Americans of both sexes round the whole of the USA who put themselves down with universities as willing and able to travel abroad at their own expense to put in short periods of time on serious scientific enterprises.

epedemiologist.

They were selected by University of California (Berkeley) under its Research Expeditions Program, which organises such 'amateur' assistance, obviously to the great benefit of project costs. 'The comparative study in London', says Dr Temoshok, 'is to see if the cultural context in the UK, and the different medical system, affects how the disease is affecting people, and how they cope'. It's too soon yet for the project co-ordinators to compare USA/UK experience.

Andrew Lumsden

Reactor moves to Vulcan base

THE ROYAL Navy's new pressurised water reactor designed to power Trident submarines is due to be shipped to the Vulcan naval testing base at Dounreay on the north coast of Scotland within the next few weeks.

To greet it, the Highland Federation of CND Groups is planning the first ever demonstration at Vulcan on 29 June.

Meanwhile a new local action group, the Nuclear Reprocessing Concern Group, has been formed to campaign for a public enquiry into plans to expand the Dounreay nuclear power establishment, adjacent to the Vulcan base.

Rob Edwards

MISCELLANY

A man called Glenys

The wretched serfs who toil for America's second-best known colonialist publication, the London *Sunday Times*, have been so busy obliging the accountants by trying to tap the pockets of the paper's estimated 2 million women readers

('gosh, Rupe, there's money in British women and we'd like to get it for you') that they can't be bothered with a little matter like getting Glenys Kinnock's gender right on their own front page. Just one week after the hapless buyers of the *ST* were condemned to read the 64-pp pullout called, with exquisite but apparently unconscious humour, *Your Taste of Elle* — trailer for the English-language version of *Elle* to be launched in October — the galley-slaves let through a front-page drawing of Glenys Kinnock carrying the female symbol aloft in the male position, to illustrate her slating the absence of women from the House. Dear Goddess. Anyway, somebody other than the accountants was obviously awake late last Saturday night, for the banner with the remarkably strange device was reversed in last editions.

Well hung, sir!

Hung councils are of course all the rage since the 2 May county council elections but in fashionable Bristol they've had one for a couple of years. In 1984 Labour assumed power with a minority administration. Angered by what they see as extreme policies the Libs and Cons plotted a coup recently with a view to forming a coalition at the annual general (mayor making) meeting (AGMMM) earlier this month. The Libs were to get the chair of the housing committee. The Cons the rest. The unholy duet seemed assured of power, since a couple of Labour leftwingers have traditionally failed to attend the Bristol AGMMM. They think it ceremonial claptrap. However, come the big day — this is true, honest! — the anti-ceremonalists hid in the toilet whilst the preliminaries took place. They sprang out just as voting for the committees begun. A Liberal and a Tory were unable to turn up (one had fallen down the stairs at his home), so Labour was just able to hold onto power. Unexpectedly strengthened, the Labour group threatened to oppose the election of the Tory mayor if the Tories didn't agree to let it continue to run the council. Exit discomfited Libs.

Lower depths yet

Accountancy-led journalism, or the Campaign for Unreal People, isn't of course the exclusive preserve of Murdoch's *Elle*-for-leather pursuit of the female dollar — oops! pound. The *BMJ* (*British Medical Journal*) in its current issue (18 May) tells, in the riveting *Minerva* column, of a new mag to be called *Mon Ami*. Launched by AMI Hospitals with P & D

Advertising for patients, doctors and 'the health conscious public throughout the UK', *Mon Ami* apparently contains a mere two articles on health. 'The rest', says *Minerva* acidly, 'will confirm the worst fears of those who believe in the two nations theory'. The Florence Nightingale style topics covered include 'central London property', 'property international', 'the crown jewellers', 'fashion from Sloane St', and — 'owning a Rolls Royce, an aid to good health'. The loudest sound, no doubt, is the ticking of a pacemaker.

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Racism — beyond the inner cities

ASIANS FEEL FEAR IN A SURREY HEARTLAND

SERIOUS incidents of alleged racist harassment of Asians, and of supine — or worse — conduct by the police, are occurring far beyond, as well as within, the 'traditional' urban deprivation areas of the inner cities. Ugly stories are emerging from the prosperous Surrey commuter town of Redhill, in the borough of Reigate and Banstead. MARTIN HARRISON reports

AN ASIAN community constituting barely 3 per cent of the borough's 77,000 electorate is waiting anxiously to see what will happen at a case set down for Reigate magistrates court next Wednesday (29 May). Two Redhill council tenants, Mohammed Ash Ahmed and Ghulam Rabbani, are charged with the malicious wounding of a white tenant in the same housing estate, Cromwell Rd. The incident occurred in Ahmed's ground-floor flat on 8 May. His front door was damaged and his kitchen window broken. No white person has been charged with any offence.

Ahmed and some of his neighbours allege a catalogue of racist abuse. Rubbish, some of it burning, is regularly dumped in his garden and that of his neighbours the Qureshis. Both families have asked to be transferred elsewhere. Ahmed complains that his van is regularly vandalised. A parent of three, he alleges that his four year old son Tipu narrowly escaped serious injury recently when a wooden rocking horse was thrown from an upstairs balcony. Nargis Qureshi claims to have been missed by a knife hurled from the same balcony, and to be the repeated target of racist insults by teenagers.

Round the corner on the estate, Ijaz Qureshi wants to sell the council house he bought three years ago to escape racist graffiti and 'youths in NF teeshirts' — who also hang round Redhill's shopping centre. Two white tenants are quoted as suggesting that Asian families on the estate are 'exaggerating their difficulties in order to get better council accommodation'.

Any protection?

Michael Ormerod, leader of the Labour group on Conservative-dominated Reigate and Banstead council, is calling for more police resources to be put to protection of Asian tenancies and property in the borough, and dismissive of police objections that there isn't enough 'manpower':

'If these were the homes of working miners during the coal-strike there'd be 24-hour police protection. I don't believe the police are doing enough'.

Ormerod is calling for Newham-style eviction of any council tenant found guilty of persistent racial harassment.

Asian borough councillor Victor Begg — himself a Conservative but the target of a race hate vendetta three years ago, when the now defunct British Movement were active in the borough — this month took a delegation of worried Asians to discuss the latest upsurge in racist attacks with Reigate police.

Begg has warned of a possible explosion of racial unrest unless the violence and threats are halted. But his insistence that Asians must place their trust in the police has infuriated the embattled ethnic community. Said one: 'Begg is only concerned with Begg. I doubt if he would get the support of a single Asian now. The police won't help us and if we defend ourselves we get arrested. What do we do?'

To that question no one seems to have a convincing answer. Nor does anyone know why Redhill should be emerging as another tense racial relations arena. One suggestion on offer is the proximity to Croydon, where the NF's national HQ is based. ●

Racism — the Islington council scandal

Islington — rivers of ink, but mostly blotted copy

ANYONE who has touched the story so far — the *Sun*, *Mail*, *Mail on Sunday*, *Times*, and *Islington Gazette* — has heaped sympathy on the *accused* in the row over London's Islington council's attempt to deal with allegations of racism within the borough's own housing department.

David Hyams, SDP councillor in Islington, has been quoted as likening an internal hearing of 22 April to 'Gestapo tactics' and 'kangeroo courts'. Most seriously, the name of the woman who gave evidence of racism within the housing department has been published — she had already been to the police about intimidation after the 22 April hearing.

To recap: on 22 April a personnel sub-committee of Islington council found three workers in the housing department guilty of racial harassment of black colleagues. Two others were cleared of the charge. The three who were found to have behaved in a racist manner all received reprimands; one a caution; and one suspension on full pay.

All have lodged appeals due to be heard early in June. Meanwhile an emergency departmental meeting of NALGO members voted on 1 May, by a large majority, to take action against Islington council for its 'too late, too light' reaction to the stories of internal racism. For though the 22 April hearing dealt primarily with the alleged harassment of one black woman, it emerged that *other* black employees had claimed harassment by the same three white colleagues, and had complained as much as *two years ago*.

'Non-cooperation'

The 1 May meeting of NALGO members agreed on a policy of non-coöperation with the section where the three reprimanded white employees work, and will be tabling formal complaints against the heads of the finance, housing, and personnel departments of Islington for not acting sooner and more firmly.

It was Islington's SDP councillors (in a minority to the ruling Labour group) who, in the person of David Hyams, carried the details of the story to the press and so apparently influenced the nature of the coverage. Reports of the hearings were leaked (of which the *NS* can hardly, in principle, disapprove) — but resulting, most crucially, in wide publicity for the complainant's name.

In the media uproar, the harassment was reported as if it had merely consisted of a failure by white colleagues to ask a black woman (the complainant colleague) to a Christmas lunch. In fact, she and two others state that they were consistently subjected to taunts ('all black men are muggers and rapists. . .South Africa has the right idea. . .').

A pattern of abuse?

The tale of harassment includes ashtrays emptied on black women's desks and episodes of being ignored and denied access to resources needed for their work. A white woman in another section who supported her black colleagues was then herself abused, particularly after she married a black man.

NALGO says that since the 22 April hearing and the newspaper copy that resulted NF stickers have regularly appeared in the Islington offices. Commission for Racial Equality posters are slashed with knives and daubed with swastikas and SS signs as soon as they're put up.

NALGO wants a full investigation into how the situation has been allowed to deteriorate this far and assurances that black workers will not be exposed to this sort of intimidation with no action by the council. In the meantime it is refusing to put the Equal Opportunities logo on job ads for the housing department.

Islington council has so far rejected a union demand that those charged with racism should not be allowed to work with the public — they are soon due to work in neighbourhood offices, often in areas with large black and ethnic populations. ●

WE LEARN that in the case of one *of the desperately serious current immigration cases — and possibly in response to my enquiries to the Home Office — a 'compassionate' view may now be taken. It's the case of Mabel Achinihu* (above) *who has lived on Merseyside for 10 years, and whose three year old elder daughter, Chine, is British with a British passport. Achinihu married a Nigerian in 1981, who was killed in a road accident just six days after he removed his new family to Nigeria in August 1984. Mabel was in the early stages of her second pregnancy — Priscilla, born in England three weeks ago. Mabel had fled back to the UK after her husband's death after his family seized everything the couple owned, and seemed about to take Chine too. Mabel Achinihu and both her daughters are still threatened with deportation, but the Home Office are now to explore whether she should be held to have had indefinite leave to remain.*

Jane Leighton

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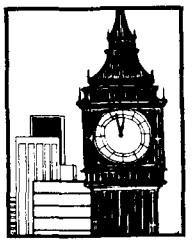

PETER KELLNER

Kinnock to Steel: you are weaker than you think

It is Sunday, 18 October 1987 — three days after the next general election. Prime Minister Neil Kinnock has confronted many problems since the Queen asked him to form a government; but none has been so tricky as how to reply to David Steel's request for urgent discussions about the content of the Queen's Speech. After wrestling with a number of drafts, Kinnock decides that candour is his best policy.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

Dear David,

Thank you for your letter. I am happy to meet you — and you may bring one or two *Liberal* colleagues if you want — but I must make it clear that there can be no question of my negotiating with you about the contents of the Queen's Speech; and no question of negotiating with Dr Owen about anything. You see, I do not share your assessment of the Liberal/SDP Alliance's power. The purpose of this letter is to disabuse you of your illusions. Besides, my approach provides you with your best chance to get Dr Owen off your back.

Let us deal with the arithmetic first. We have 308 MPs, the Conservatives have 283, the Alliance has 35, there are six nationalists and 17 from Ulster. (I have omitted the Speaker from these sums.) If all the non-Labour MPs voted together, there would be an anti-Labour majority of 33. On the face of it, therefore, it would seem a good idea to draw up a joint programme for government which Labour and Alliance MPs could all support.

But if you think things through, you will see that I could lose more than I gain from such a deal. Politically, a line-by-line negotiation would cause all sorts of splits inside the Labour Party to reopen. And once the Queen's Speech had been delivered, our pact could only stay in force if we continue to agree government policy ahead of every major Commons vote. We would be handing you a veto over our policies.

If there were no other way of keeping in office, I might have to swallow my pride and negotiate. But that is not the situation. Bluntly, I do not expect to be defeated on any major vote in the Commons before I choose, in due course, to dissolve Parliament and call a fresh election.

Let me explain. I am not so naive as to imagine that a Bill to expel US nuclear bases from Britain, or to renationalise British Telecom, or to repeal the Tory trade union laws, would get through the Commons; they must clearly wait for a majority Labour government. What *will* be in the Queen's Speech will be policies that you would have great difficulty opposing: reflating the economy, scrapping Tory policies to reduce pensions and social security payments, cancelling Trident, and establishing a new system of pay comparability for teachers, nurses, civil servants and others in the public sector. I find it inconceivable that you, or any of the other 27 Liberal MPs, will oppose those measures. I am not sure you could even abstain with a clear conscience; but I can live with abstentions.

You say in your letter that any agreement you make with me must include the SDP. Since I do not intend to make an agreement with you, the issue does not formally arise. Nevertheless, I recognise that Alliance tactics must take the SDP into account. What I am interested to know is whether 7 SDP MPs can really block the actions of 28 Liberals? How, in fact, will Alliance tactics be decided?

If each MP has one vote, then you have the whip hand: use it. If the two parties continue to pretend they are equals, you are effectively giving each SDP four times as much influence as each Liberal. How do you propose explaining that at the next Liberal Assembly?

STILL, THAT'S your problem. If you decide to be bulldozed by Dr Owen into opposing our Queen's Speech, and as a result succeed in defeating it, my guess is that you will pay a terrible price in lost support at the next election.

However, in order to defeat the Queen's Speech, you also have to get the Conservatives to support you — *and* persuade most Ulster MPs and Welsh and Scottish Nationalists not to support us. That will be more difficult than you seem to think.

Just look at the Tories this weekend. They have lost 113 MPs. Mrs Thatcher is trying to remain party leader; almost everyone else wants her to resign. But her critics (who, amazingly, turn out to be far more numerous than during any of the eight years up to last Thursday) are fighting among themselves as to who should succeed. At present the Tories effectively have no leader, no political strategy and no will to fight.

I do not believe that they will vote against the Queen's Speech. (They didn't, remember, in March 1974 in roughly similar circumstances; neither did you.) They will be too frightened of precipitating another general election — and losing another 113 seats.

Which brings me to your assertion that I could not obtain a dissolution if my Queen's Speech were defeated. Oh yes I could. This is an important point, as it profoundly affects both your strategy and mine. If it were the case that I could *not* dissolve Parliament in such circumstances — and that the Queen would call upon the leader of the Conservative Party to try to form a government — then you would have a powerful bargaining counter with me now.

But you don't. The constitutional position was set down by King George VI's private secretary, Sir Alan Lascelles, in a letter to *The Times* in 1950. 'No wise sovereign', he wrote, 'would deny a dissolution' unless three conditions were met. The third, and most crucial, condition was that the sovereign 'could rely on finding another Prime Minister who could carry on his government, for a reasonable period, with a working majority in the House of Commons'.

Nor is this a mere abstract convention: Lascelles cited what happened in 1926 in Canada when the Governor General denied Mackenzie King a dissolution, believing that the condition would be met by the leader of the opposition. It was not: the minority parties ratted on informal assurances they had given and the new Canadian government fell four days later. It would require cast-iron guarantees of a viable majority for the Queen now to deny me a dissolution if I asked for one.

The plain truth is that you could deliver no such guarantee. If the Alliance formed a stable coalition with the Tories (and that's a giant 'if' in itself), it would still only command the support of 318 MPs. You would need assurances of sustained support from a ragbag of Ulster MPs and Scottish Nationalists, if you were to demonstrate the capacity to govern with a working majority. And not just hole-in-the-corner assurances either: you would need a formal, public declaration that you would all be bound by an agreed programme for government. You know full well you could get no such agreement.

So your threat to vote down the Queen's Speech does not impress me. You will not get all the Tories — and you may not get any Tories — to support you; and even if you did, I would seek a dissolution and, mark my words, obtain one.

I have left to the end your impudent demand that the Queen's Speech should contain a commitment to proportional representation. Nuts to that. I do not want to do it, and you do not have the power to make me.

Of course, if after the next election — which can be only months away — there is another hung Parliament, the situation would change. I daresay pressure could *then* mount to create a stable, coalition government with a working majority; and I quite see that you would want electoral reform as part of the package. Whether you will get it, in what form and from whom, remains to be seen. I hope the situation will not arise. For the moment I shall concentrate on next week's Queen's Speech. The choice will then be yours: take it or leave it.

Yours sincerely,
Neil

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TIME TO RESUME THE ADVANCE

Suddenly Thatcherism seems to be in disarray and activists on the Left scent possible election victory. Now's the time for clear, coherent socialist values, argues Peter Hain

THE BUOYANT new mood inside the Labour Party has opened up the opportunity for a new socialist agenda: winning the next election *on terms favourable to be Left*. Suddenly Labour activists are talking of victory again, refusing to be paralysed by the psephological pessimists and brushing aside the gung-ho vanguardists who maintain only the absence of decent leadership (i.e. theirs) is holding Labour back from glory.

Alongside the recovery in Labour's support — reflected in the shire county results and the national polls — Thatcherism has lost its stranglehold on the popular 'common sense'. Thatcherite values do still have a strong resonance which it could be fatal to underestimate. But the Tories are not winning the economic arguments any more. They are also taking great risks over social policy, such as the attack on state pensions. And, provided Labour projects a consistent and credible alternative, the Alliance looks much more likely to damage the Tories, especially in the South.

Meanwhile the new, broader and more strategic Labour Left has been 'coming out'. The GLC rates fiasco accelerated this by showing how essential it is to recognise the difference between rhetoric and careful planning and organisation to achieve socialist objectives. It marked off the 'serious Left' from the 'posing Left' (some of whom also seemed more interested in 'exposing' their comrades than outflanking the Tories and defending jobs and services).

Despite the many tactical defeats that popular movements have suffered, they have been able to weather the Thatcherite assault. Union organisations have emerged intact. SOGAT 82's decisive vote in favour of retaining its political fund (and affiliation to Labour) looks like being just the first in a series of defeats for the Tory attempt to divide the labour movement. The work being done to win the political argument amongst individual trade unionists — a task so badly neglected for decades — is also strengthening Labour's base.

Extraordinary energy was mobilised through the miners' support groups. The strikers' determination in the face of dreadful hardship and uncompromising State power showed that British unions are still capable of heroic struggle — whatever criticisms can be made of the NUM's strategy.

Feminist ideas continue to spread, although Thatcherism is implacably opposed to them. CND's strength despite the 1983 defeat, is also testimony to the resilience of movements outside parliament.

ALL OF THIS can be built upon if a clear commitment is made now for a sustained, two-year campaign to win the next election. (We should remember that Thatcher won in 1979 only after years of persistent effort to change the political climate.)

The Left has to take its *own* responsibilities much more seriously. That means being much more concrete about what we want to achieve. There needs to be agreement on a carefully planned strategy, both to win the election and to ensure victory is worth having by deciding on *priorities* for a Labour government.

Otherwise Labour's Right will have the only practical answers, and will effectively hijack the Party's programme. Although right-wing control of the Party has been undermined, it could be re-asserted if Labour's Left sticks to its traditional role of opposing everything practical.

Labour will not win simply by modernising its appeal — though that is certainly necessary, and has been one of the positive achievements of the Kinnock leadership. There has to be a much deeper ideological counter-attack on Thatcherism. To begin with, we must project socialist *values*. We must get back to arguing basics — of caring for others, rather than caring only for self-aggrandisement; of seeing ourselves as part of a 'community' rather than mere private individuals; of tolerance rather than bigotry; of freedom for all rather than privilege for a few.

This can sound rather banal. But a simple recitation of policies for government can float over people's heads, without touching their strongest feelings on how human society should work. The opportunities to project values are queueing up. Labour's absolute commitment to democracy can be constrasted with Tory acceptance of it only when it suits them — as the GLC's brilliant defence of local democracy has shown. The increasingly ugly face of Thatcherite authoritarianism can be contrasted with what must be Labour's commitment to individual liberty.

In place of the government's reliance upon privatisation and unfettered market powers, Labour can offer social ownership, decentralisation and State intervention as both a more efficient and a more individually liberating economic programme.

PA

Party leader Kinnock performs with Tracy Ullman: the image has improved, but not yet the substance

Labour cannot succeed without re-awakening a sense of public anger at the iniquities of big capital, the obscenity of unemployment, the way pursuing profit at all costs cuts both essential services and the wages of the lowest paid.

LABOUR ALSO has to be seen as a radical party of the future. The Thatcherites were able to present themselves as 'freeing' people from an 'old', labourist, post-war consensus that had failed. In an ironic switch of roles, Labour was pushed into defending the past, rather than fighting for a future growing out of changing production trends, a re-composing working class and new lifestyles which people are actually experiencing but which the Left has

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rarely addressed.

The fact is that Labour has been living off its 1945 appeal for too long, assuming that socialist values are self-evident, that anti-Toryism rather than pro-socialism is sufficient: it may have been for a time but it isn't any more.

So far the Kinnock leadership has concentrated on giving the Party a more re-assuring public face. And that was necessary after the way Labour's whole legitimacy (even amongst its own loyal voters) had collapsed by 1983. But Labour's leaders have not really argued for clear socialist values and ideas and an alarming lack of substance is apparent.

Without being reckless, the leadership should be prepared to live more dangerously, to be more controversial, imaginative, innovative and initiating in arguing for the radical alternative which the Party's policies do represent.

One example was Michael Meacher's new approach to taxation, social security and welfare. As he concluded, its presentation was bungled. But the headline-catching part of what he was arguing was correct: mortgage tax relief with all its distortions, anomalies and benefits for the rich, *does* need replacing by a unified housing allowance. Though it were placed in a difficult position by lack of prior consultation, the Shadow Cabinet should not have been so quick to distance itself from fresh thinking.

Having established a more radical approach based on a clear set of values, coherent *themes* should be developed such as women's rights or the decentralisation of power. Other individual policies can either be seen to conflict with each other, or appear as the arbitrary items on a shopping list of nice policies.

The Left ought to make the running on three particular policy issues which could otherwise be highly contentious and divisive.

● **Incomes policy**. We do not want government-imposed wage restraint, nor interference with trade union independence and bargaining rights. But unless *the Left* sets the agenda for debate on a total approach to incomes, inequalities and benefits, then Labour will end up sliding down the same sorry path which led to defeat in 1970 and 1979.

No government can avoid having a policy for at least the 40 per cent of workers on the public payroll. An economic programme that did not give an absolute priority to ending the plight of the 7 million low paid, to real equality for women, to improving the 'social wage' and to jobs for the unemployed, would not deserve the Left's support. Those groups must have a priority over boosting the spending power of those already in work with above average earnings. Traditional union collective bargaining cannot achieve this, and to determine priorities on any rational basis there must be a coherent government policy.

● **Public ownership**. It is important that a set of priorities is agreed, stating, case by case, why Labour wishes to take an industry or service into public ownership, what the economic and social benefits will be, and how this fits into an overall socialist strategy. The Left has not even begun to tackle this, having abandoned what little policy debate there is.

Instead of playing a numbers game over candidates for re-nationalisation or fresh nationalisation, some hard choices must be made. For example, is it preferable to re-nationalise British Telecom as a priority when it would take a year of parliamentary time and when the finance needed (even at 'no speculative gain', over £4 billion) would create nearly 100,000 construction jobs? Or would it be better to stick firmly to the objective of re-nationalising BT, but meanwhile to acquire immediately sufficient shares (currently about 5 per cent would be needed) to exercise direct control? In failing to address such questions, the Left is effectively paving the way for 'betrayals' by a Kinnock government caught in a collision between satisfying pent-up expectations and resolving an economic crisis deepened by years of Thatcherism.

● **Defence**. Rather than trying to overturn Party policy to remain in NATO (a fruitless exercise which would also risk upsetting the consensus to include unilateralism in Labour's manifesto), a clear strategy for Labour's role in NATO should be spelt out. It might include building alliances with NATO countries which are non-nuclear or which are opposed to specific missile systems like Trident or cruise; it might mean building a majority within NATO to abandon battlefield nuclear weapons and to adopt a 'no first strike' policy. And it would insist that an inability to progress Labour's absolute commitment to a non-nuclear defence policy would lead to confrontation with the NATO establishment and Britain's withdrawal.

WINNING MAJORITY support for Labour at the next election will also involve giving much clearer national support to groups in struggle against the Tories, such as striking miners, peace protesters and women's groups. The Party itself should be organising its own campaigns locally too: the failures have often been as much due to resolution-obsessed constituency parties as to the reluctance of the parliamentary leaders to back extra-parliamentary action. The radical intentions of Tony Benn when he was Secretary of State were thwarted partly because they did not connect into the daily activity of shop stewards. By contrast, the GLC has shown (albeit on a smaller scale) the way that industrial policy can come alive when it is linked into group struggles outside and when they are involved in implementing it.

It is also important that the Left initiates a debate on a strategy for Labour in office. The first thing we might as well face honestly is that it won't be a *socialist* government, especially given the likely size of its majority, any more than, say, the GLC is a socialist council. The objective conditions for that, internationally or domestically, do not exist. What it can — and must — be is a *radical Labour* government which builds the foundations for socialism.

To expect widespread socialisation of the economy, or the creation of 5 million jobs within the first term of a Kinnock government, would either be indulging in self-delusion or cynically setting up the leadership for an inevitable betrayal. The objectives should be much more tangible, so that popular support can be won for them and they can actually be delivered.

PERHAPS the most critical area to be considered is the machinery of government. Every Labour government has so far become a prisoner of that machinery rather than its director. Immediate steps should be taken to open up the machinery to socialist activists and community groups.

For example the new Ministry for Women to which the Party is committed should abandon Whitehall protocol and convene national and regional forums through which women's groups could participate directly in government policy formulation and campaigning. Labour Ministers should bring in scores of political aides drawn from the labour movement who will provide a link to the party and to extra-parliamentary forces. They should use their powers to appoint only progressive judges, police chiefs, military leaders, and senior public servants.

Much more use should be made of government office to *mobilise* support for change. Labour's Left has thought only of what parliament in isolation can do. For instance a Labour Home Secretary who actively campaigned against police harassment of black people and gays could have far more impact than laboriously shepherding through Parliament changes in the law that might well be undermined by the courts, the police and general cultural prejudice. A Labour Employment Secretary could join picket lines on major strikes. A Defence Secretary could speak at CND rallies.

In this way, winning the next election and implementing left policies are parts of the same continuous strategy for socialist change. If Labour's Left does not seize the opportunity to press such a strategy, it may not get another chance for a long time. □

Peter Hain's latest book is Political Trials in Britain *(Penguin).*

COMMUNIST PARTY

COMMRADES AT ARMS

Sarah Benton asks where this weeks special congress leaves the Party

LONG BEFORE the 248 delegates gathered at Hammersmith Town Hall — scene of the 1957 Congress which was wracked by divisions over the USSR's invasion of Hungary — the results of the Congress were known to both sides. In various articles in the *Morning Star*, the hardliners had conceded defeat. It was a matter of formally recording the support that had been assiduously counted as delegates were elected in the preceding weeks. But equally both sides know that the size of the hardliners' vote seriously underestimates the extent of their support in the party as a whole, while the 2:1 vote for the Executive Committee overstates the political closeness between the minders of the machine and the political reformers.

As a result, many of the hardliners have already consoled themselves with the belief that had it not been for gerrymandering by the EC, in deciding which branches should be grouped

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together for choosing delegates, they could have won the vote. This is unlikely. But a combination of the belief and a knowledge that their support is wider than it appeared has made a mass, organised breakaway in the immediate future less likely. The hardliners still control several of the party's districts, which gives them both a direct authority over a number of branches as well as bases from which to organise against the EC.

The ensuing wrangles over the relative powers of the EC and District Committees will no doubt spawn a new run on the rule book; it would be like a miniature replay of central government's battles with local councils were it not that there is a shared language in the Communist Party of the principles of political organisation. Everyone still pays lip service to 'democratic centralism' at least, a testament to the difficulty of changing the form of the party while politics around it change direction.

Under the rules of democratic centralism the fears, or melodramatic hopes, of the hardliners that they will all be purged could be realised. There is already a clear difference of opinion in the leadership between the 'centre' position which hopes it can kick the party into renewed life without mass expulsions and more political upheavals — a view expressed by Press Officer Nina Temple when she assured Congress there would be no political purge — and the more determined 'eurocommunists' who see no chance of the party reviving without excising the large hard core of Stalinists.

This is not least because the choice of the 42 whose expulsions were confirmed last weekend seemed more accidental and symbolic than a clear drive against the ringleaders of Stalinist factions (of which there are several). There was, of course, nothing accidental about the expulsion of the *Morning Star*'s editor, Tony Chater, and assistant editor David Whitfield. Yet, ironically, the split between the *Star* and the Party is less a matter of clear political differences than of different responses to the party's long-term crisis, a crisis which has been provoked both by long-term changes in British politics and the long administration of the party by safe machine minders.

THE OUTSTANDING problem, which can no longer be disguised under the urgent need to defeat the 'sectarians', is whether the machine minders of the CP or the 'eurocommunists' have a clear idea of what sort of organisation the Communist Party should be and whether there is any feasible role for it in British political life. Its membership has collapsed below 13,000 and has been in continuous decline since 1963; its industrial network is threadbare and demoralised; its showing in local and general elections derisory.

And yet there is *Marxism Today*, its circulation increasing steadily behind its rising prestige as the place which sets out what the debates on the Left should be concerned with. For this reason the bitter hositility of the hardliners about the party was largely focussed on *Marxism Today*. For this reason too General Secretary, Gordon McLennan has chosen to back *Marxism Today* against the *Morning Star*.

His choice of sides was not inevitable and to many McLennan has seemed far closer in politics and spirit to Tony Chater, now his entrenched foe, than to Martin Jacques, the editor of *Marxism Today*, who sits beside him on the platform presiding over the expulsion of Chater. Both Chater and McLennan are part of a safe and unimaginative leadership that came through in the 1960s, appointed as competent administrators who came to the top through keeping a judicious distance from political factions in the party while holding the supremacy of the party apparatus close to their breasts. (The few dynamic figures who were left after the 1957 exodus, such as Monty Johnstone, Sam Aaronovitch or Dave Priscott, were kept out of the central leadership throughout the next 20 years.) Chater's tragedy is that, faced with an inexorably declining *Morning Star*, he had neither the imagination nor the talent to create a politically fresh and risk-taking newspaper nor the courage to jack it in as an impossible task.

By choosing with considerable pain and difficulty to support *Marxism Today* against the *Star* McLennan has backed the winners' side, no doubt prodded along this path by the party's *eminences grises* (old communists never retire; they just withdraw into back rooms). He has a far more difficult choice when it comes to who he wants as his own successor. He is due to retire soon and will clearly want to hand the party on in better shape than it is now. For the eurocommunists his obvious successor, though not heir to his political tradition, is Martin Jacques. Though his abrasive style is an irritant to many, expecially those who feel they are outside his charmed circle, he is widely regarded as having the clearest and most incisive political vision of how the Left needs to go about its business if it is to become the 'hegemonic' force in society.

It was initially thought that Ian McKay, who was brought down from Scotland by McLennan to be the party's national Organiser (he's been drafted into the party's troublesome London District to get them in line), would be the centre's obvious choice as next General Secretary. But the wafts of new politics are now

News Line

Press Officer Temple: next General Secretary?

so strong that it is likely they will make him seem too colourless to hold the support of party members.

In that case, the mantle may well fall on Nina Temple, who being young, female and very pleasant would seem custom built to be the party's public face. But she will be opposed by the 'eurocommunists' precisely because she fits the bill of the new-style party machine. She has no record of opposition to EC leadership, and no experience of movements or organisations outside the party. It is a clear political vision of what the role of a Communist Party should be, inextricably connected to how that party relates to the rest of the Left, which much of the membership is now demanding.

STRUCTURALLY, the Communist Party is facing the membership decline which has affected all political parties in the last decades — the eruption of the Alliance notwithstanding. While the mainstream political parties have focussed more and more narrowly on how to get and exercise State power locally and nationally, movements have developed around them which show scant interest in running local government committees or the finer details of how to manage an economic crisis. They are interested in what people can do now to change the environment they live in, on how they can express their desire to fashion a better world.

The problem is exacerbated for the Communist Party because its role has both been shaped by 1920s Leninist notions of the disciplined revolutionary party preparing to make the push when capitalism cracks; and post-war models of the parliamentary party which stands in elections and prepares to exercise State power.

The Communist Party cannot find a role for itself while it still shapes its policies in terms of winning State power, or even power in the labour movement's institutions. Quite apart from the nasty conspiracies that such tactics involves, it stymies it in the same contradiction which afflicts all political parties: that is, that the forms of politics that are needed to win State power locally or nationally — the party machine — are fundamentally opposed to the sort of politics which has drawn people in crowds into the open movements of the last decade.

It is the life of these movements as much as anything else which has allowed the Left to emerge, after six gloom-laden years, to find it has not been routed despite a series of crushing defeats. But it is not yet poised to make a triumphant come-back. The hard Left in particular, including a substantial section of the Communist Party, cannot move while it sees power as a simple matter of who controls the institutions. This means it does not have to build up support for its ideas and values as this is a waste of time when faced with an omnipotent and monolithic ruling class.

At the Communist Party Congress, one-time British Leyland leader Derek Robinson argued angrily against the concept of 'Thatcherism' on the grounds that the ruling class never changes — leaving the Left little to do but make defiant and heroic gestures. Yet what we have today is less a ruthless and omnipotent ruling class than a political and economic stalemate. Thatcherism has failed to seep private enterprise and its accompanying business ethic back into unrivalled dominance, but the Left has done no more than grimly defend its bases.

A Communist Party which could propose ways out of the stalemate might have an ideological future. But at the moment the Communist Party's ideological head, in the shape of *Marxism Today*, has the frailest of connections to any political body which could actually, say, organise the key industrial discussions inside trade unions. Whatever the feats it has pulled off in keeping communist politics alive into the 1980s it does not have the miraculous powers to keep a head alive without a body. □

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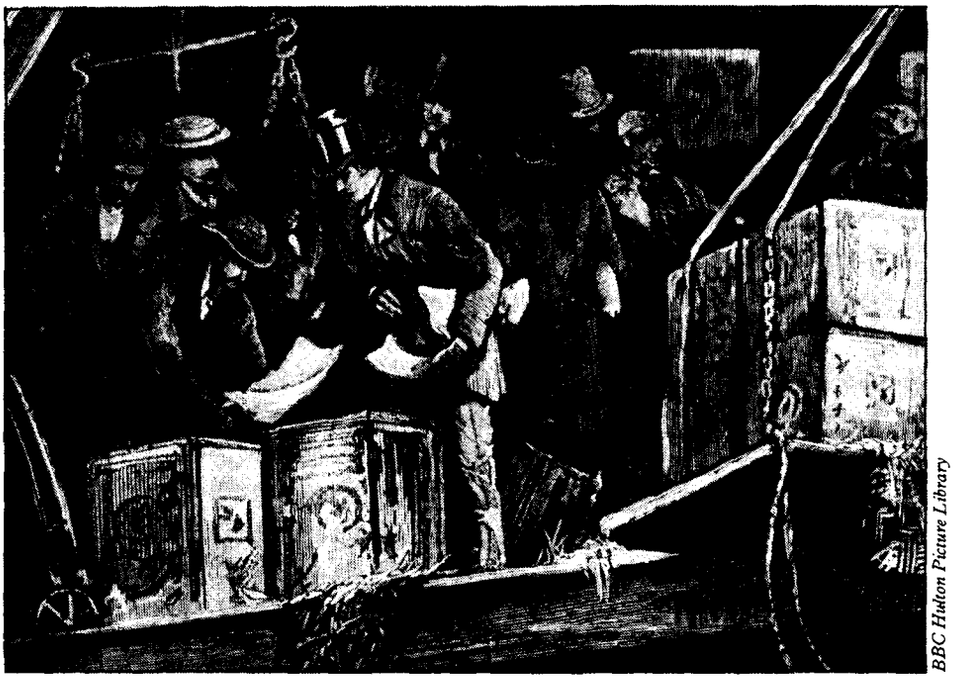
ECONOMY

MRS THATCHER'S GHOST DANCE

George Edwards examines the myth that 'free trade' made Britain great

THE RELATIVE economic decline of the United Kingdom has now reached a stage when it is palpably obvious to the casual traveller. This British economic failure seems to have called forth a hearkening back to the alleged 'golden age' of Britain, to a Victorian era which never was as some political imaginations represent it. When the present is dismal and the future looks unlikely to be better, it is perhaps understandable for a politician like Mrs Thatcher to recall fondly some previous state of grace from which Britain has fallen. Hence the cry of the clarion — to take up Victorian ethics and the 19th century economics of free trade.

This kind of thing has happened to people before us. When the North American Indians — the people of the buffalo — had lost everything, when nearly all the buffalo had been slaughtered, when the tribal lands (which were promised to be theirs so long as the river flows, the wind blows and the sun shines) had been taken from them, their wise men invented the Ghost Dance.



BBC Hulton Picture Library

Tea from the Empire unloading in the Port of London in 1887 — the heyday of 'free trade'

The reasoning behind the Ghost Dance was similarly simple and magical. The Indian nation had lost its way because it had failed to obey the ancient traditions of their people; if they wore white shirts, and danced on the prairies, and believed in the old ways, then the buffalo would return, thundering in their millions on the prairies, and the white men would go away.

Now that the British no longer have an Empire, and British industries are closing and continually losing world market share, now that we are no longer self-sufficient in simple manufactured goods like cutlery, some feather-brained British politicians are hearkening back to the traditions of our Victorian grandfathers without understanding the forces which made Britain 'great' at that time. It is the British version of the ghost dance — a caricature of the 19th century in a world which has changed

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utterly and forever.

Britain's Victorian greatness had nothing to do with free trade. It existed because we were good at mass-producing unsophisticated goods for underdeveloped countries; and we kept other possible producers out of our Empire. What we meant by 'Free Trade' was keeping other producers out of our markets while we got into theirs. We believed in free trade then the way the Japanese do now — we wanted to keep other producers out of our domestic (Imperial) preserve, while they let us supply goods to theirs, and we aimed to prevent other producers from becoming as competent as ourselves by undercutting them in their own markets. This was highly realistic, but it wasn't free trade.

Britain is still quite good at producing unsophisticated goods, according to the OECD's reports. So, however, are most underdeveloped countries. British manufacturing industry needs to move up-market to compete. It can't do this unless British industry receives the kind of investment credit which the French, German and Japanese banks provide to their industry, so Britain fails.

It is one thing to call for free trade when you are the only industrialised nation, as we were in the 19th century. It is lunatic to call for free trade when you are running the biggest manufacturing goods deficit in British economic history, unless one is crazy enough to entertain the vain hope that an example of economic harakiri will find imitators. Other countries in better economic positions are unlikely to open their markets just because ours is wide open. They wouldn't be that daft, but they'd still tell you how much they approve of what you're doing. It is, after all, what the British told the colonies prior to the First World War, and it is only appropriate for a British Prime Minister to be told how well she's doing by foreign producers who can safely regard the import market to the UK as part of their imperial preserve.

Free Trade in the 19th century meant a British hypocritical farce, a joke played upon colonies by our politicians and manufacturers. Free Trade now is a grotesque tragedy, an unrealistic moral stance taken up by Mrs Thatcher to justify to herself the annihilation of much of British industry in the name of fair competition. The underside of this moral stance is that the Thatcherites can attack the living standards of British workers by insisting that poorly equipped, unsubsidised British workers should produce as much as their well equipped, government-subsidised, bank-assisted foreign workers. They can't, of course, so unemployment soars, which (now as in the 1930s) is being used to demand real wage cuts of the poorest sections of the community. This piles moral reprehensibility upon economic stupidity.

Free Trade produces competition which is utterly unfair, because it is between economies with different levels of productive equipment. So long as foreign bankers and governments help their industries to prosper while the British government refuses to help ours, it is a one-sided fight. The modern productive equipment of Japan and Germany outclasses the old and usually obsolete manufacturing equipment in Britain as thoroughly as the cowboy's six-gun outclassed the Indian's bow and arrow.

The Indians finally discovered that the ghost dance didn't work, but they wondered for a while if it had failed because they didn't believe enough. Mrs Thatcher similarly continues her ghost dance, and believes desperately in the merits of free markets. But magical pantomine is no effective substitute for an economic policy. I have listened to these free-marketeers, I have tried to believe, but reality kept breaking through. May the same thing happen, however unlikely and belatedly, in the rarified atmosphere of Downing Street. □

George Edwards writes on economic theory. His latest book How economic growth and inflation happen, *is published by Macmillan Press.*

NORTHERN IRELAND

A LESSON IN ALIENATION

Andy Pollak analyses Sinn Fein's showing in last week's local elections

IT IS RARE ENOUGH in Northern Ireland to find anything that Republicans and Unionists strongly agree on. One exception is the belief that the British government's interest in a joint initiative with the Irish government is in direct proportion to the threat it perceives from the Provisional IRA's political wing, Sinn Fein. If it were not for the latter, the argument goes, Margaret Thatcher would quickly lose interest in the continuing talks with Dublin, would see no reason to make concessions to help the constitutional nationalists of John Hume's SDLP, and would give way to her natural inclination to treat the whole problem as one of IRA terrorism which should be dealt with by tougher security measures.

That is why the strong first-time showing by Sinn Fein in last week's Northern Ireland local government elections was so significant. Its 59 seats and 40 per cent of the nationalist vote will provide much-needed ammunition for Hume and Irish prime minister Garret FitzGerald in support of the 'Catholic alienation' thesis which is their main (if not only) bargaining counter in trying to press the British into some radical new Anglo-Irish initiative Northern Ireland.

For all the signs are that the talks between London and Dublin have been flagging over the past 11 months, since Hume's convincing Euro-election victory over Danny Morrison suggested that the Sinn Fein threat — the only evidence of alienation Thatcher and her ministers are likely to listen to — had peaked.

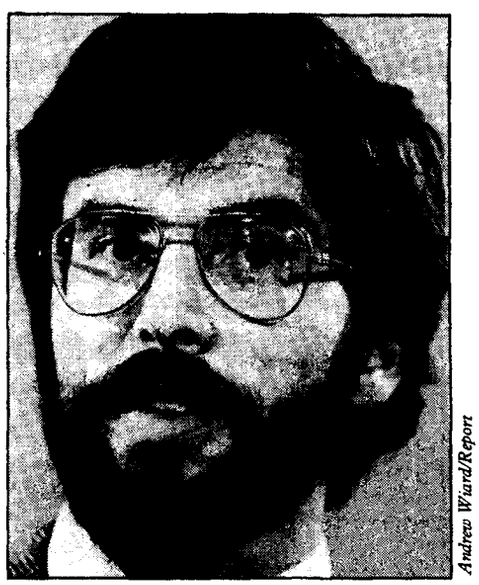
The Irish side can now argue strongly that Hume's victory was a personal vote, and that Sinn Fein, despite some disillsionment with electoral politics after that defeat, and recent divisions in the IRA over the twin 'ballot box and Armalite' strategy, is still a resilient foe with a broad political base.

The election itself was far from the momentous contest for the hearts and votes of the Northern minority which was forecast two years ago when Sinn Fein won over 100,000 votes in the general election. Gerry Adams cannily and considerably underestimated the number of seats his party would be happy to win, and his candidates, many of them former IRA activists with long prison records, toured the housing estates talking about 'bread and butter' issues like supplementary benefits and leisure services.

In the event, and despite the inevitable media reaction, Sinn Fein's total of seats was only a little above what the pundits had predicted. On a lower turn-out, its share of the first preference vote (under the proportional representation system) actually fell from 13.4 per cent in the 1983 Westminster and 13.3 per cent in the 1984 European elections to 11.8 per cent this time, although compared to a similar turn-out in the 1982 N. Ireland assembly elections it rose by 1.7 per cent.

SINN FEIN'S SEATS were gained largely at the expense of the small ultra-green Irish Independence Party and Republican independents and others who came in on the wave of hunger strike emotion four years ago. The SDLP's vote and seat totals held up well. But John Hume will worry at the loss of votes to Sinn Fein in working class Belfast and Derry and in the Republican heartlands of Tyrone and Fermanagh, and at the 5 per cent increase in the share of the total nationalist vote taken by his republican rivals.

The result was a personal triumph for Sinn Fein president Gerry Adams, and a vindication



Andrew Ward/Report

Gerry Adams: tactics vindicated

of his 'ballot box and Armalite' strategy at a time when it had been coming under considerable pressure from IRA hard-liners who are deeply suspicious that electoral activity will lead to a softening of Provisional militancy.

The rows at the end of last year which led to the suspension or expulsion of four leading hardliners will not be repeated, at least in the immediate future. And, despite recent newspaper reports, there is no chance that the dissidents will be able to bring together the IRA's all-powerful 'army convention' (which has not met for 15 years) in order to change the Provo's politico-military leadership.

However, the first indications are that the British government, speaking with the voice of the Northern Ireland Office, is unimpressed by

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the Sinn Fein vote, preferring to point to the 54 per cent turn-out for the two unionist parties as evidence of the impossibility of any radical move towards Dublin's insistence on some executive role in Northern Ireland.

In the contest-within-a-contest for the votes of the 'Unionist Family', the Official Unionists, as they tend to do when there is no immediate threat to the constitutional status quo, pulled ahead of Rev. Ian Paisley's DUP by five percentage points. The lack of any threat on the Anglo-Irish front, the absence of IRA activity in the run up to the poll, and the tendency of Unionists to return to traditional voting patterns when times are quiet, all ensured that there would be no repeat of the 1981 result, when the DUP, capitalising on Loyalist fears raised by the hunger strike, inched ahead of the establishment Unionist party's vote tally for the first time ever.

The moderate centre, represented by the Alliance Party, slipped by two percentage points compared with 1981 and appears to have lost some of its Catholic vote to the SDLP, being marginalised at around 7-8 per cent of the vote. Another sign of the times was the derisory vote obtained by perhaps the last notable 'Labour' figure on the Northern Ireland political scene, former power-sharing minister and Belfast independent socialist councillor Paddy Devlin.

AS SOON AS THE RESULTS were known last Friday, the two Unionist parties showed that they were set on immediate confrontation with Sinn Fein by announcing a pact to boycott and isolate that party's representatives on the 17 (out of 26) local councils where they now sit. This, according to the DUP, will consist of filibustering and guillotining debate on Sinn Fein motions; doing everything legal (and perhaps stretching legality) to make sure that Sinn Feiners are kept out of committee chairs and off council delegations; and walking out of meetings to prevent a quorum for the discussion of Sinn Fein-raised business.

Such tactics are guaranteed both to heighten Nationalist sympathy for the IRA's political representatives on councils and to drive Sinn Fein and the SDLP's constitutional nationalists into closer partnership, exactly the plan Provisional strategists like Danny Morrison had intended to adopt. There are at least six councils where the SDLP will have to work with Sinn Fein and/or other Republicans in order to ensure that anti-Unionist majorities gain the mayor's seat and other council posts.

The indications are that they will work together, and that, in the words of its deputy leader Seamus Mallon, the SDLP will do the Unionists 'no favours' after years of being kept out of such posts themselves by unionist monopolies and manoeuvres. The election of a number of bright young SDLP newcomers who identify with Mallon's more Nationalist rhetoric rather than the Anglo-Irish reconciliation preached by Hume will only help this process.

All this means that the riotous scenes witnessed on Belfast and Omagh councils over the past two years since the election of one or two Sinn Fein councillors in by-elections will now be repeated ten and twentyfold throughout Northern Ireland. The poll-topping re-election of the ultra-Loyalist Belfast councillor George Seawright, who went to jail last month rather than withdraw his notorious 'incinerate Catholics' remark, plus a number of the wilder Paisleyites, will hardly help to keep the peace.

There is even talk in some Unionist circles of the government being forced eventually to intervene to appoint commissioners in some unruly councils — along the lines of the Londonderry Commission in the early 1970s — in order to take over the few powers, such as rubbish collection, cemeteries and leisure services, which are still in the hands of local representatives.

It is highly unlikely that the government will want yet another such illustration of the impossibility of Northern Ireland governing itself. It knows that its last experiment in such government, Jim Prior's Assembly, is now virtually a dead letter after the big vote won by the Official Unionists and the impossibility of the SDLP being attracted into it because of Sinn Fein's credibility as an alternative leadership among grass-roots Nationalists.

For Douglas Hurd his first Northern Ireland election changes little: He will soldier on with direct rule as the road of least risk. The Irish government will hope that its alienation thesis, bolstered by 75,000 Sinn Fein votes, will revive Anglo-Irish talks which last week were reported to have become bogged down over points such as Dublin's insistence that it must have more than a consultative role in joint security policy and its proposal for joint courts to combat terrorism on all all-Ireland basis.

The mood in Dublin is pessimistic. Even the normally ebullient Garret FitzGerald admitted at his Fine Gael party's annual conference last weekend that the chances of agreement with the British were at best 50-50. And he resorted to unusually strong language to warn that if the talks failed there would not only be despair in the north, but also 'a deep and damaging sense of frustration' in the Republic and 'serious effects for Britain's reputation in the world'.

The people responsible for that pessimism, the leaders of the Provisional Republican movement, are cock-a-hoop again. One prominent Sinn Fein leader said this week, following the killing of four more members of the RUC in a landmine explosion on the border, that all constraints were now off the IRA. He added — in a chilling illustration of alienation in action — that even if the IRA had carried out that attack before the local elections, he doubted whether Sinn Fein would have lost many votes as a result. □

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BRADFORD'S TEST CASE

Helen Jacobus exposes the New Right 'philosophies' seething beneath the Fleet St rush to call Honeyford a martyr

RAY HONEYFORD is the Bradford headteacher at the centre of a complex local and national debate sparked off by his writings for the right-wing *Salisbury Review* magazine. Next month we will learn whether Bradford Education Authority is going to remove him from his post at Drummond Middle School. Meanwhile, he has been turned into a national hero by much of the press and the Right.

Among his supporters are the *Salisbury Review's* editor Roger Scruton — a reader in Philosophy at Birkbeck College, London, who also has a regular column in *The Times*, in which he has defended the head — and also enough people in Bradford to make no exaggeration of headlines such as 'Honeyford: anatomy of a row that has split our city'. Honeyford's enemies have been cast as the 'Loony Left'.

Honeyford's supporters claim that he is being punished for his views, which however unwisely expressed should not be suppressed. His opponents — the two hundred plus parents who formed the Drummond Parents Action Group, the Bradford Council's Labour group (no party has overall control) and Max Madden, the local MP — have replied that it is not a free speech issue. They claim Honeyford's views are racist and that he should therefore not be the head of a school where 85 per cent of the pupils are Asian.

Mr Honeyford's argument, which has won him popular support, is that white pupils are disadvantaged when there are large numbers of black children in the classroom:

> It is no more than common sense that if a school contains a disproportionate number of children for whom English is a second language (true of all Asian children, even those born here), or children from homes where educational ambition and the values to support it are conspicuously absent (i.e. the vast majority of West Indian homes — a disproportionate number of which are fatherless) then academic standards are bound to suffer. (*Salisbury Review* Winter 1984)

The Salisbury Review, in which his articles are published, has mapped out its political ground in articles on the often overlapping themes of political language, the Church, sex and race — including calls for repatriation of 'ethnic minorities' who refuse to 'assimilate'.

Mr Honeyford does not call for repatriation. His contribution to the debate is to assert — *as one who knows* — that the 'cultures' of blacks and whites are incompatible. He denies that he is a racist, saying he finds the accusation 'absurd' and 'offensive'. He has said that he is in favour of 'racial harmony'.

Formal links between Honeyford and Scruton, apart from the overlap in ideas and language — including the use of some identical words and phrases — are unclear. Dr Scruton told me he visited Drummond Middle School 'before all this happened' and was impressed by the 'well-run nature of the school'. Later he said, 'I didn't know him [Honeyford] personally before this episode occurred . . . I've met him since then, because I became concerned at what happened'.

In the debate on race, in, for example, the *Salisbury Review*, the New Right has redefined and confused terms like racism, thus claiming that they are not racists. For example, Enoch Powell is able to say:

> if by a racialist you mean a man who despises a human being because he belongs to another race, or a man who believes that one race is inherently superior to another in civilisation or capability for civilisation, then the answer is emphatically no.

Or, as Honeyford claims, 'The term "racism" [is] a slogan to suppress constructive thought', blurring the 'conceptual distinction' between prejudice and discrimination.

THE TONE for the debate was set by Scruton's editorial in the Summer 1982 issue of *Salisbury Review*.

> I believe that the only radical policy that would stand some chance of success is repatriation of a proportion of the immigrant and immigrant descended population. Voluntary assisted repatriation is one possibility, and, on the face of it, the most humane.

Scruton editorialised four editions later:

> While we may disagree with the policy of compulsory repatriation . . . there is no doubt that, merely to arrest the flow of immigrants cannot solve the social problem. Constructive efforts are required, both to encourage those who wish to return, and to ensure the integration of those who do not.

Scruton said that those groups who 'don't want to assimilate', (meaning 'to obey the law of England, and respect its institutions') should be helped to go 'somewhere else'. This, he claims, is not voluntary repatriation because that he defined as 'groups' being 'singled out whether or not they have any attitude to assimilation, and being given incentives regardless'. In other words, it's not black people as such that he wants out of the country, but defiant, or demanding, or otherwise 'difficult' black people.

The first stage of the New Right/*Salisbury Review* argument is the notion that there is a biological 'human nature', based on territorality which cannot be changed, notwithstanding one's social environment. For example, an article by Sally Shrier attacking communism — which she claims has subverted language for ideological ends — states:

> National identity is founded on natural emotions and natural allegiances — on those very things which communism has attempted to destroy and to replace with the altogether unnatural allegiance to a ruling party. (*Salisbury Review*, Summer 1983)

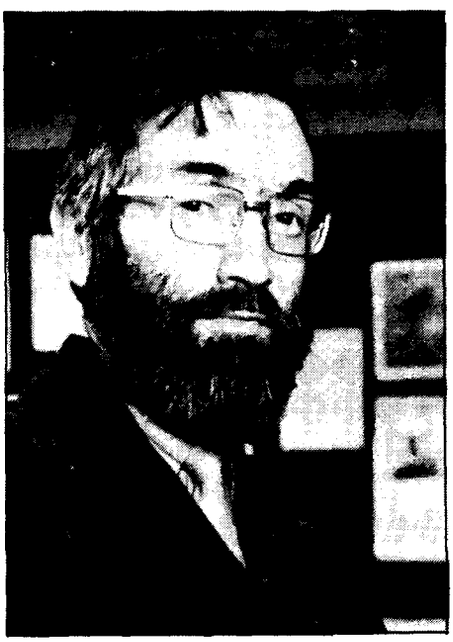
The second stage of the debate, seems to centre on 'cultural differences'. In a radio interview, Mr Honeyford said:

> Some psychologists have argued that the factor there [differences in exam performance between West Indian and other children] is genetics. I reject that. I don't believe that's true. It's nothing to do with race. It's to do with culture, and I think one of those factors is domestic factors and that was the thing I was trying to point to. (Pennine Radio, 22 April)

In the *Salisbury Review* Geoffrey Partington had already been developing his ideas on the same kind of themes.

> More pertinent is the point that 45 per cent of the West Indian families in British schools have only one parent, as against 5 per cent of Asian families and 20 per cent of all families; this weakness of family structure would itself explain a large part of low West Indian attainment without any hypothesis of British racism. (Spring 1984)

Mr Honeyford's language and imagery — including that of apartheid — effectively polarises 'us' (whites) and 'them' (blacks), without appearing *overtly* racist:



Guardian

Headteacher Honeyford: right-winger at the centre of the dispute

> I felt the ugliness of it as we sipped tea and ate biscuits in a typical English way, trying to ignore what was going on outside the meeting [a demonstration against him]. (*Mail on Sunday*, 7 April)

> The hysterical political temperament of the Indian sub-continent became evident — an extraordinary sight in an English School Hall. (*Salisbury Review*, Winter 1984)

> Moreover, the assumption is often made that the culture of the first generation of immigrant parents — born and raised in the homeland — is identical with that of his settler offspring, born and raised in Britain. (*TES*, 19 November 1982)

> My disappointment was compounded by a sense of irony. These people, who now so vehemently accused the authorities of denying them a right . . . these same people enjoyed rights, privileges and aspirations unheard of in their country of

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origin. (*Salisbury Review*, Winter 1984)

> A figure straight out of Kipling is bearing down on me . . . His English sounds like that of Peter Sellers' Indian doctor on an off day. (*TES*, 2 September 1983)

The third strand of the New Right's arguments on race, as already shown above in Scruton's writing, is that ethnic minorities should assimilate or leave the country. Anthony Flew makes this point in a tirade against mother-tongue teaching:

> . . . the object of the exercise surely . . . is to assimilate our immigrants so that they become English or Scots or Welsh who just happen to have skins of a minority colour . . . Those who want to remain — say — Bangladeshi ought to be planning later, if not sooner, to be returning to Bangladesh. (*Salisbury Review*, Winter 1984)

It is clear that Flew, for example, is not using the term 'assimilation' to mean obeying the laws of England, as Scruton defined it. Indeed if there is any validity in the 'own kind' concept of human nature, it must by definition exclude any assimilation taking place. This is why the New Right's line on race is so sinister — by whatever name it chooses to call it.

THE MEDIA's role in projecting Honeyford as a campaigner for truth, only saying what 'ordinary, decent, honest' folk think, has been enormous. Christian and Fascist imagery have been used relentlessly when covering the story of the row about him. The over-riding message has been that left-wing denial of freedom of speech equals totalitarian equals Fascism. Honeyford has been depicted as a man alone, fighting for the right of free speech against liberal educationalists, anti-racists and, of course, the far Left.

Thus we have been offered the following kind of fare.

> It's reminiscent of Orwell's thought police as we are all increasingly allowing the emotional blackmail to silence common sense. (Lynda Lee Potter: **Is it Racist to tell the Truth?** *Daily Mail*, 13 June 1984)

> Mr Honeyford committed a thought crime . . . Mr Honeyford is a heretic and his fate deserves the widest possible attention. (**Hunt the Heresy**, editorial, *The Times*, 26 March)

> But to the race relations industry, Mr Honeyford's opinions are heresy. A thought crime . . . The tactics they use, however, have a fearful ancestry . . . The thought police now active in Bradford, prate of the evils of racism. But it is Fascism, in all the destructive menace of its early days, which they themselves personify. (**The Persecution of a Good Man**, editorial, *Daily Mail* 3 April)

> The race relations Thought-Police, who have bludgeoned Mr Honeyford into submission . . . (**A shameful victory for the Bigots**, editorial, *Daily Express*, 30 March, next to article headed: Race mob claims an innocent head; Lefties win their 12 month war against Ray Honeyford'.)

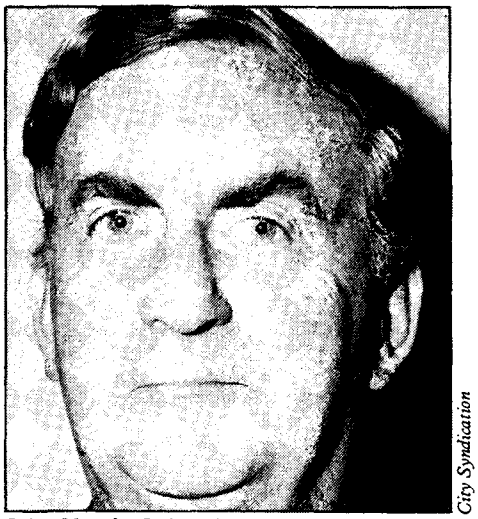
Even the *Mirror*, which had not covered the story before, produced a full-page editorial: 'The Man Dared To Speak His Mind' (9 April), refering to Mr Honeyford's 'persecution' by 'Left wing zealots and race relations fanatics', terms similar to those used by Honeyford himself in his articles.

And finally good old Woodrow Wyatt gave us: 'A decent, kindly man in Bradford is being crucified'. (**This decent chap needs a pal.** *News of the World* 31 March) □

LAW

RESTRICTIVE PRACTICES

Ole Hansen asks why Labour is so lousy at legal reform



City Syndication

John Morris: Labour's spokesperson — can't he put a spoke in *anyone*'s wheel?

JOHN MORRIS QC is the Shadow Attorney General, the man who is responsible for presenting Labour's case in Parliament on the administration of justice. Faced with the new Prosecution of Offenders Bill, he seems dismally unable to put the incisive arguments for how our deeply flawed system of justice should be reformed.

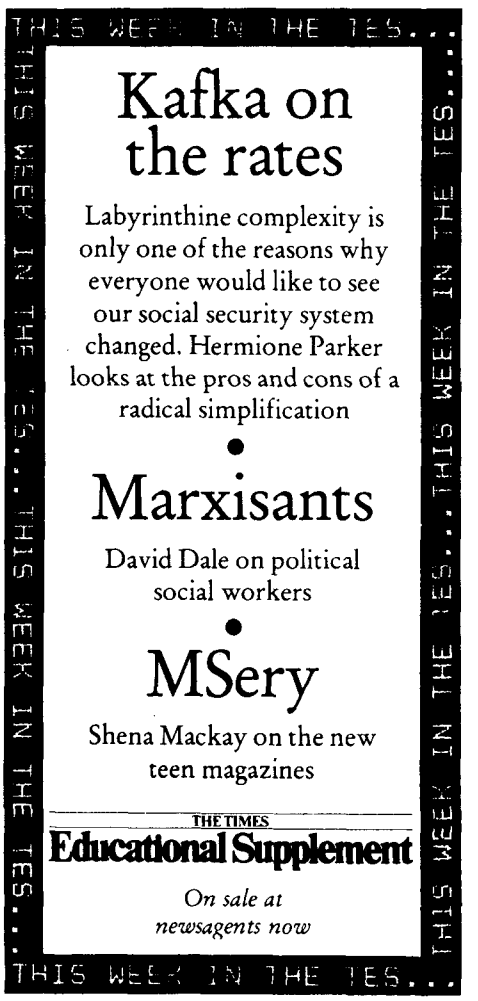
The Bill proposes a new independent prosecution service, but the government's proposal for a centralised structure with the Director of Public Prosecution (DPP) at the head is highly contentious. It has been attacked by the local authority organisations and even the Prosecuting Solicitors Society of England and Wales, not noted for its public criticisms of official policy, has warned of 'a dangerous monolithic structure with prosecutors subservient to some central machinery'.

John Morris, representing Labour's front bench, has had little time for such fears, or for the views of the Royal Commission on Criminal Procedure which, with only one dissentient, came down for a large measure of local accountability. Mr Morris told the House on Second Reading: 'There is no role for local or local government accountability for decision-making'. His concession to the critics, an independent review after five years, was predictably rejected in Committee.

Accountability to Parliament, through the Attorney General, does not compensate for lack of local accountability. As the present DPP put it in 1979: 'the Attorney General is not, and never has been accountable for the Director to the extent that a Minister is responsible for his officials.' The administration of justice is any way one of the few areas outside the scrutiny of a Select Committee. Instead of a clear statement about the need for accountability and proposals how this might be achieved Mr Morris treated the House to musings on whether we could afford the cost of ministerial accountability these days. He believed in the accountability of state servants, he said, but 'experience will have to tell us how best to work it out in the future'.

IF MR MORRIS becomes Attorney General he would have to work closely with the DPP. He didn't question whether the DPP's office — with its record on prosecutions under the Official Secrets Act, for police corruption or for incitement to racial hatred, for example — was best fitted to head the new service. He even resisted pointing out that the chain of enquiries and events which will place the DPP at the head of a national hierarchy was started by the Confait case, a prosecution disastrously mishandled by the DPP's office which resulted in three young men being wrongly sent to prison for murder and arson on false confessions.

The new state-employed prosecutors, whether they have practised as barristers or solicitors, will have only solicitors' rights to speak in court. This means that they will be confined to the magistrates' courts. If the case goes to the crown court, the state prosecution service will need to hire a barrister in private practice. We might have expected Morris and the Labour front bench to point to the absurdity and needless public expense of this. They might have referred to the conflict of interest on the part of the Attorney General, Sir Michael Havers QC, the minister responsible for the prosecution service. He happens to be *ex officio*


THIS WEEK IN THE TES...
Kafka on the rates
Labyrinthine complexity is only one of the reasons why everyone would like to see our social security system changed. Hermione Parker looks at the pros and cons of a radical simplification
Marxisants
David Dale on political social workers
MSery
Shena Mackay on the new teen magazines
THE TIMES
Educational Supplement
On sale at newsagents now
THIS WEEK IN THE TES...

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head of the Bar and has taken pains to reassure barristers that the new service will not threaten their privileges. Morris could also have made some useful general points about the outmoded restrictive practices of the legal profession.

Mr Morris is, of course, a leading barrister, as a prospective Attorney General must be. As such he recognised the threat posed by the new service. It was an extension of state activity and what would happen when the Treasury discovered that it was cheaper and more efficient than the private Bar? It might decide that more work should be done in-house. 'It would strike at the heart of an independent profession which I believe to be one of the bastions of liberty,' proclaimed Mr Morris QC in a ringing phrase, which will sound more than a little hollow to those of his professional colleagues who face Bar disciplinary charges for their committed courtroom defence of striking miners.

It was left to one of only two Labour backbenchers who spoke during the Second Reading (compared with eight Conservatives) to wonder whether 'it will be necessary to be so preservative of the rights of the Bar'. But then Gordon Oakes is a former practising solicitor and, in also raising the issue of local accountability, made clear that he was speaking on behalf of the Association of County Councils.

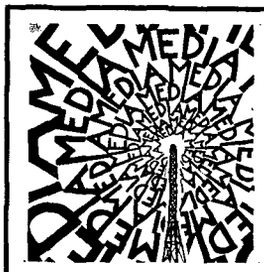
John Ryman, the other Labour backbencher, rebuked some Conservative speakers, or maybe it was Mr Oakes, for introducing 'a political and partisan element'. Despite being a barrister he took a non-sectarian line on the division of work and concerned himself with all the staff of the new service. It was important, he stressed, that 'the people setting up the new department will have to be paid handsome salaries'. He also had an idea, which the Home Secretary took in for future favourable consideration and which will interest those *New Statesman* readers who have been following the series on court room disasters. Would it not 'be a jolly good way of discouraging frivolous appeals', suggested Mr Ryman, if the Court of Appeal were given back the power to increase sentences when someone applied to leave to appeal.

The only other Labour speaker on Second Reading, or to take an active part in Committee, was Nicholas Brown, the recently appointed junior to John Morris. As such he closely followed his master. He is the first non-lawyer to be given front-bench responsibility in this area. His appointment might reflect a recognition that issues such as accountability, public expenditure and restrictive practices in the legal system will only become part of normal political debate when they are no longer exclusively in the hands of lawyers. If that's the case, we still have to see the evidence. □

This England

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcards, please.)

□Walking down a street in Dundee the other day, I saw a young couple of the punk variety, he with acres of jet-black locks, she with a vibrant shade of red. With them was their Old English Sheepdog. His (or her) head of hair was bright pink. — *The Peoples' Journal* (Ms R. M. Simpson)



Market forces aren't the answer

Phillip Whitehead

THE *NEW STATESMAN* has had vigorous words for and against the de-regulation of broadcasting these past three weeks. Even so, there is one word more. It is re-distribution. By that method we have sought to palliate the deformities of market systems. The best of the British (and European) public service tradition in broadcasting has been the ability to see that some delegated agency of the State, at arms length, could intervene in the market to widen the possibility of choice. Not abstract, theoretical choice. Not choice if you happen to live in Manhattan on a clear day when there is an R in the month and a cultural cable network clear of the bankruptcy courts. Accessible choice at the time when viewers can try different things, like the great works of Messrs Elstein and Graham, at convenient hours.

It has been one of the charges against the BBC that it does not keep this concept of the public service very close to its heart; the bigger it has got, the blander it has become; wall-to-wall Wogan at peaktime. Independent production companies argue, with some justice, that they could make a far wider variety of programmes, commissioned at arms length by a reformed BBC, than the adipose Corporation does now. That would apply whether you had one public corporation or several; and if the type and collection of the licence fee were substantially changed and fairer. But would it apply if the whole notion of the public service corporation were junked and replaced by voluntary subscription services living within a de-regulated market system? Those who want such a system, and are not cynical about it, really do have to prove that there would be a net gain in the quality of service available to everybody. The fledgling hawks of Channel 4 on show at the Adam Smith Institute are about as persuasive as Peter Jay's wonderful fantasy of the broadcasting system as telephone exchange, which he developed in his MacTaggart Lecture at Edinburgh a few years ago.

The stark realities of the market are very different. If you abandon a system of regulated diversity, the odds are you will get a system of de-regulated oligopoly; if not at once, then soon. It will be a system that has new heroes, new successes. It will throw up a Ted Turner or two along the way, adjoining the established multi-media conglomerates. But the story of American cable (and even more the story of British cable) suggests a bleak outcome. I have heard David Elstein advance the case for de-regulation in cable as plausibly as he now suggests that the BBC should make its way on voluntary subscription. The end product will be a smaller share in a different market. Bigger perhaps than public subscription broadcasting in the United States has achieved, but without the range and the weight that public service has achieved here, in the BBC, in the public constraints that have applied to ITV, and now in the re-distribution of funds which is at the heart of Channel 4.

The Left has been ambiguous about broadcasting pluralism, half-wedded to monopoly and over-arching control. There is enough truth in that charge to hurt. But do the new *condottieri* of Channel 4 really think that they have become what they are, from what they were, thanks to the free market? Producers like Elstein and Graham, like me, were trained in a public service. We got to make the programmes we did because regulatory bodies, much as we hated them and criticised them for their lack of courage and imagination, decreed that such programmes should be made. We can now work for Channel 4 because Parliament laid down that our programmes should be part of its distinctive mix, put on at hours when the housewife and the tired manual worker can see them as easily as the flotsam of NW1. We get the money to make them, inadequate as it is, late as it may be, because it is re-distributed within the system of broadcasting. We have not got to this first base of public service diversity thanks to the Adam Smith Institute.

David Elstein argues for a system which is 'voluntary, efficient and equitable' to replace the BBC licence. If such subscriptions shrank the service, well, why should we be able to 'force' people to pay for what they choose to do without? I have heard much the same argument for winding up the Arts Council, so that the performing arts are funded within the market, along either the glitter or Glyndebourne routes. The many get what they 'want', the few what they can pay the market rate for, or persuade corporate image-makers to subsidise. We 'force' people to pay for many services which they use far more intermittently than broadcasting, to preserve a range of freedoms that are at risk in an entirely market economy. And the answer to Elstein's taunt that we are afraid of television turning into Fleet St, or more accurately Fleet St plus Shah, is that, yes, we do have that fear. What is so wonderful about the range of choice in Fleet St today, or the Murdoch/Maxwell rivalry extended to cable tomorrow, that we want to convert broadcasting to the same model? The Left should aim to reconcile real diversity, with access for all to what is produced, and the degree of re-distribution and regulation necessary to see that it gets produced at all. That means a different kind of BBC, a plurality of smaller public service bodies. It does not mean the small mercies of the market place. □

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DIARY

The reports on the pit deputies' overtime ban induce an extraordinary sense of *déjà vu*. Already, after so few weeks, the miners' strike seems an age away. I was wrong about it. From the beginning it was war, that at least I knew, for it was obvious that Thatcher would not provoke a conflict with the miners unless she meant to see it through. But I was surprised by the depth and tenacity of feeling in the mining villages. This then made me feel that it couldn't finish without a further, brutal confrontation. Instead, within days it became history. On the Left the past is usually both forgotten and mythologised at the same time. The two processes are linked. ('We shall never forget. . .er')

○

Which means that Neil Kinnock's assessment was cooler than mine. As the strike came to an end, I criticised him for the right-wing way he distanced himself from the miners. After throwing my tomato, I sent him a postcard and offered him the space to throw one back. His office repeatedly evaded my entreaties. So I wrote and explained that I wanted a couple of sentences that would sum up his perspective. This interests me a lot. Last year, after they carried Kinnock's conversation with Eric Hobsbawm, *Marxism Today* got Peter Kellner to write a comment. It was an energetic endorsement of the leader's style and approach with a sting in the tail. Thatcher was a clear-cut ideologist, Peter noted, but: 'So far Kinnock has not yet offered an alternative vision. . .'

Surely, I thought, he must have a vision. Here at last is a quest fit for an investigative diarist. Alas, my written and telephonic approaches have gone unanswered. Politeness, and nothing but politeness from his office. Friends smiled cynically. 'You see,' they said, 'he really doesn't have a vision,' and looked upon me as naive. I'm not yet persuaded and believe my failure so far is due entirely to Patricia Hewitt's dedication to civil liberties. I appeal to readers, including Neil himself, who once assured me that he enjoyed reading Islander, to help in my quest for 'Kinnock's vision'. So far the most credible version is this: fundamentally we are a country of kind and compassionate people, are we not; Thatcher is nasty and mean, is she not; hence the electorate will come to its senses and give power to a man who is kind and compassionate.

○

Such an approach could well win an election. The chief evidence against is Callaghan's recent aside that he could feel a Labour victory in his bones. For socialists, Callaghan's bones are a death rattle. Nonetheless, my prediction in February that Margaret 'I-was-on-holiday-at-the-time' Thatcher is on the way out seems more amply justified every week. She can't even get inflation down. In 1979 — when 'Bones' Callaghan fought the election as a conservative — people knew it would hurt if the economy was to be turned around, and were willing to pay a price. Few want the national diet to be medicine in perpetuity, however, which is what we're offered now. The callous failure of the government to invest in the economy, Lawson's confidence that we can be like South Korea in just a few more years, in short Thatcher's own vision is today consciously rejected. What perspective will replace it? Is that the leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition? Hello. . . hello. . .

○

I'll tell you one 'vision' I want to hear no more of: the so called 'forward march' of labour. Hobsbawm's image was embossed by Verso upon its paperback flagstone (*The Forward March of Labour Halted*, edited by Martin Jacques and Francis Mulhern). Yet it is not only misleading, it is also repugnant: Here are your marching orders. March smartly now. Attention! Forwaaard MARCH. So I was disappointed to see Frances Morrell capitulate to the phrase. She argues (*NS* 26 April) that an election winning re-alignment in the Labour Party is fine, provided it is not another male fix over the bodies of women. Her indictment of the Party's structural chauvinism is impressive. I'm astonished to discover that Labour still refuses to insist on having at least one woman on every short-list for the selection of constituency

candidates. The great male majority will not allow women to join the 'forward march'. Quite right too, if you think about it. The vision — with all its parade ground implications and mechanical view of the future — is so suffused with male hierarchy as to be gender specific.

○

A much better image — that of collective intelligence — is provided by *Proteus*, the bulletin of the Labour Party's Computer Advisory Group. Carolyn Morgan from the group sent me a copy after I raved on about the wonders of a word-box. Older activists resist. A source in Walworth Road reckons that perhaps 15 per cent of branch secretaries do not even have a telephone. How can this be? I gasped. Is there political life without a phone? But Labour is also probably the most computerised party at the handy local level. Morgan sees the group, with its Prestel link (*600186#), as 'a collective intelligence and a collective memory available to members and Labour organisations when they're ready for it'.

○

I've used this diary to announce deaths (including a cat's), births and now — wait for it — a marriage! Personally, I've avoided matrimony like the plague and have never asked nor been asked the fatal question. In current jargon I regard the relationship as 'statist'. Family life is better off without it. Despite my example, Joan Smith and Francis Wheen have joined themselves not only in the pages of the *NS* but also in wedlock at Hackney Town Hall, where we were all photographed under a great red banner saying: '20238 People in Hackney are out of Work. 1 in 5.' Joan announced that she wouldn't have done it, only Francis so lacks patriarchal oppressiveness that he counts as an honorary woman. Then they left for smelly old Venice. Much happiness to you both.

Islander

ROGER WODDIS

Loyalty March

'All I'm on about is trying to persuade her and her government to make some modification to policy. . . it's the thinking loyalty that matters'. — Francis Pym

Our front is collapsing,
Our rear is in doubt,
Our flanks are exposed
And we're facing a rout.
But let us march bravely,
While singing this song,
To show that our Leader
Is partially wrong.

To arms, Centre Forward!
Be swift to attack,
Though some may crawl sideways
And some may fall back.
Let no one be fearful
Of going too far,
While loudly proclaiming
How loyal we are.

Our Captain is stalwart
And hates to cry 'Halt!'
But being so stubborn
Is hardly her fault.
So let us be helpful
By turning her mind
To those who in battle
Are shot from behind.

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PAPAL BLESSING FOR THE CONTRAS

The Pope's support for the conservative Catholic hierarchy in Nicaragua and for the Reagan Administration's policies in the region is dividing the Church. Terry Tastard reports

AT A CEREMONY in Rome this Saturday the Pope will bestow the rank of Cardinal on the leader of Nicaragua's Catholic Church, Archbishop Miguel Obando y Bravo. This promotion indicates the personal backing of the Pope, yet comes at a time when Nicaraguan Catholics are deeply divided, with many of them questioning the direction in which their bishops are seeking to lead the Church in Nicaragua.

Supported by many middle-class Catholics the bishops have been criticising the Sandinista government in terms similar to those of the United States and have in fact strengthened American propaganda efforts. Yet many Nicaraguan Catholics detest US policies and find themselves at odds with the uncompromising anti-Sandinista stance of their own hierarchy.

The Catholic bishops have frequently alleged that there is religious oppression in Nicaragua, with Archbishop Obando y Bravo going so far as to call the government totalitarian. Picking up this theme has allowed President Reagan to gain support amongst the Christian fundamentalist right. Allegations of religious oppression also helped justify his attempts to destabilise Nicaragua. Thus in his latest State of the Union address Reagan made persecution of the church a reason for support of the 'freedom-fighters' in their 'self-defence' against 'the Sandinista dictatorship of Nicaragua'.

The Catholic bishops can hardly have been unaware that they were playing into Reagan's hands. In the run-up to the congressional vote which rejected renewing aid to the *contras*, fact-finding delegations from the US were pouring into Managua. Bishop Pablo Vega is available to meet such groups and speak to them on behalf of the country's 10 Catholic bishops. I was in Nicaragua myself recently and accompanied a Californian church delegation on its visit to Bishop Vega, who told us that campaigns for social development in Nicaragua had been taken over by communists from many parts of the world and turned into instruments of indoctrination. He added that base communities (groups of lay Catholics meeting in homes to consider how their faith challenges them to work for a better society) had similarly become instruments of indoctrination. Several of the visiting Californians reacted to all this with polite incredulity.

Invited by members of the group to condemn the *contras*, Bishop Vega was evasive. Given the destruction of the *contra* attacks such reticence by bishops is surprising. Some 7,700 people have been killed, most of them civilians and half of them under 21. About 180,000 people have had to move from battle zones. And in 1985 defence costs will absorb 40 per cent of the national budget and 60 per cent of public investment. This reorientation of the economy towards defence has frustrated plans for more improvements in health care and education and led to a decision recently to withdraw state subsidies on public transport and on basic goods on which the poor depend heavily. The United States believes that even if the *contras* are denied an outright victory the social costs of the war of attrition will damage the Sandinista government's popularity.

Rex Features

Pope John Paul celebrating open air mass in Managua in 1983

Despite occasional attempts in the US to portray them as bible-toting heroes, the *contras* have hit church work too. The Anglican Church has had to freeze plans for agricultural co-operatives in five Rio Grande villages because the *contras* make a special target of anything or anybody intended to improve living standards. Dispensaries run by Catholic parishes in the north of the country have been ransacked by the *contras*. And a Catholic bishop, Salvador Schlaefer, was injured last month when his car was ambushed in Zelaya Norte. (The bishop stoutly refused to blame the *contras*. 'All I know is that I was attacked by armed men,' he said.)

FACED WITH the *contra* depredations many Catholics do not share their bishops' reticence. Francisca Alcacer, a nun who heads a Managua technical college, wrote an open letter to the US Congress attacking 'the terrible and absurd military aggression which the United States imposes on us'. The Jesuit-run Institute of Central American History publishes regular analyses of Central American news which are highly critical of US policy, and which also explain the pressures and principles behind Nicaraguan government decisions.

Individual and institutional responses like these point to a broader dividing line within the Church. There are those who believe that Christian believers can and should share the search for social justice alongside the Sandinistas. Uriel Molina, a Franciscan priest and co-director of the Centro Valdivieso in Managua is one such Christian. The Centro

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provides leadership training and theological courses for those prepared to participate in the revolutionary process. On the other side are those who believe that the Sandinista programme is communist-dominated and threatens religious freedom. The bishops typify this view.

There is some evidence of Sandinista anti-religious activity. Soldiers have desecrated churches in the Atlantic region, for instance, where there is much hostility to the Sandinistas. But such actions seem primarily the acts of an army resentful of fighting guerrillas without the support of the local population. Overall it is hard to see many grounds for the Catholic hierarchy's fears.

The church has its own radio station. There are 257 private schools in Nicaragua, more than 180 of them Catholic and nearly all of those depend on the Ministry of Education for their teachers' salaries. (As evidence that there is no official hostility towards the church several Catholics told me that one of President Daniel Ortega's children attends a Catholic school, St Joseph's in Altagracia.) The Catholic Church has also been allowed to bring in large numbers of foreign personnel on whom it depends heavily: 361 of the 600 women in religious orders and 218 of the 264 men come from abroad. It should also be said that leaders of Nicaragua's 400,000 Protestants believe that their opportunities have greatly increased since 1979.

Last year 10 foreign catholic priests were expelled for demonstrating in support of a priest accused of working for the *contras*. The expulsion has not been repeated and the priest awaits trial. Less well-known is Catholic action against those of its own ranks sympathetic to the revolution. Clergy and nuns have been transferred, demoted, or asked to leave the country. A delegation of Dominican friars returned to Spain after a visit to Nicaragua to report that there was no religious persecution there. But they found that the church itself was discriminating against priests prepared to work with the revolution by denying them pastoral posts or ecclesiastical licences.

THE BEST-KNOWN Catholic pressure against the Sandinistas has been the campaign to force the four priests who hold government office to resign: Fernando Cardenal (Minister of Education), Ernesto Cardenal (Minister of Culture), Miguel D'Escoto (Foreign Minister) and Edgar Parrales (Ambassador to the Organisation of American States). The priests recognise the anomaly of their position; in Catholic church laws priests are forbidden to hold civil office. But they have pleaded to be allowed to continue, on the grounds that the Nicaraguan situation is an exceptional one, with the country short of trained leadership and fighting for its life.

Their pleas have gone unheeded. They are forbidden to function as priests and recently Fernando Cardenal was expelled from the Jesuit order of which he had been a member for 32 years. He enjoys considerable support among Central American Jesuits and his expulsion was effected in Rome only after immense papal pressure. Fernando Cardenal has written a circular letter explaining why he was prepared to be expelled from the Jesuits.

He accuses the Nicaraguan bishops of taking a political stance 'in open contradiction to the interests of the poor majority of Nicaragua'. He maintains that the Pope's view of Latin America is so coloured by his Eastern European experience of communism that he fundamentally misunderstands revolutionary events like those of Nicaragua. Fernando Cardenal concludes that the Vatican's political stance effectively coincides with that of President Reagan, and that for the priests to resign their office would implicitly discredit the revolution, play into Reagan's hands and betray the poor. 'If I have made a mistake,' Cardenal adds, 'I ask that you permit me to err on the side of the poor. For centuries, we Christians have been erring on the side of the rich'.

This is not a view shared by Rome, which recently silenced the Brazilian liberation theologian Leonardo Boff for saying much the same thing. The Vatican seems to be adopting a steadily harder line towards critical dissent in its ranks; the consequences for its credibility in Nicaragua and elsewhere may be serious. □

Terry Tastard is an Anglican Franciscan friar.

CANADA

NORTH OF THE BORDER

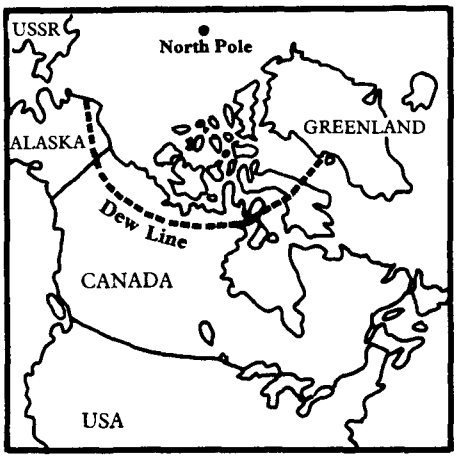
John Honderich reports on plans to extend US defence systems into Canada

Toronto

HIGH IN THE northern reaches of Canada's frozen tundra stand 21 rusting radar stations, testaments to the paranoia of the Cold War '50s. They form what is called the DEW (Distant Early Warning) Line and at one time thousands of Canadian and US personnel kept vigil to detect and stop an invasion of Soviet bombers. Those bombers never came and as it became apparent the Soviets were more interested in land-based Inter-Continental Ballistic Missiles, the DEW Line became but a footnote to the on-rush of nuclear technology.

Thus it is somewhat ironic that these virtually abandoned stations have now become the focus for a fierce debate in Canada over whether nuclear weapons should ever be stored in America's neighbour to the north. Caught squarely in the middle is Canada's new-to-the-job Prime Minister Brian Mulroney who has discovered how difficult it is to please both the Canadian public *and* Ronald Reagan. And, out of it all comes proof of yet another irrefutable axiom of the arms race: one thing inevitably leads to another.

The brouhaha began last year when the Americans approached the Canadians about giving a $6 billion facelift to the DEW Line, with three-quarters of the funding coming from Uncle Sam. With the advent of the land-hugging cruise missile it was argued that Fortress America was vulnerable to attack from missiles sliding beneath traditional radar screens. However, rationality for the upgrading



Pentagon plans to bring the old DEW line back to life

slowly gave way to incredulity when Reagan so vehemently espoused the technology of antimissile defence, known as 'Star Wars'.

In theory, 'Star Wars' would provide America with a battery of defensive weapons capable of striking down incoming Soviet missiles. However, one seemingly fatal flaw in this technology is that such weapons would be useless against low-flying bombers or cruise missiles launched from sea, air or land. As incisive New York Senator Patrick Moynihan put it: 'What's the point of knocking them (missiles) out of space if they can come in under the Brooklyn Bridge'.

Enter the old DEW Line. While the present specs for the refurbished line don't call for the stationing of nuclear weapons, virtually every American and Canadian defence official interviewed suggested such a possibility couldn't be ruled out. Shooting down cruise missiles, which fly close to the speed of sound, isn't as difficult a technology as zapping ICBMs out of space. In fact, some of the current faster-than-sound US attack planes have such a capability. However, an early-warning network of radar stations and fighter interceptor bases is essential. And, since the shortest route between Moscow and New York lies over the North Pole — with Canada in between — there is only one logical place for them — Canada's north.

YET CERTAIN questions remain. Is Ronald Reagan or any of his successors prepared to live with a defence system that gives early warning of incoming cruise missiles but prevents any counterattack from Canadian soil? Will the US spend billions on an elaborate Star Wars programme to make them 'safe' from space attack yet leave themselves vulnerable to attack from closer to earth? Can Brian Mulroney maintain his 'special relationship' with Reagan and yet tell him Canada must remain nuclear weapons free (which it is now)? The answers to all three must surely be: 'not likely'.

Yet that is precisely what Mulroney — who is developing his own special brand of Reaganesque DoubleSpeak — would have Canadians believe. Earlier this year, after weeks of intense debate, both Mulroney and External Affairs Minister Joe Clark finally stated categorically that Canada would not get involved in either the Star Wars programme, or allow nuclear weapons in Canada during peacetime.

But in getting to that point both men left a

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trail of confusion a· d inconsistency. Just four days before makin;, his statement Mulroney had staunchly defended Star Wars. Adopting a page from the Reagan and Margaret Thatcher lexicon on Cold War rhetoric, Mulroney mused: 'We are not neutrals in regard to fundamental concepts of freedom and justice. We believe in democracy and we believe in collective assertion of that democracy from the West and collective protection of it.' He then quoted from Dante: 'The hottest place in hell is reserved for those who in time of great moral crisis strive to maintain their neutrality.' Strong words and interpreted as such by jubilant US embassy officials working on the upcoming summit betweenReagan and Mulroney. 'They (statements) were much stronger than we thought he had to be', said one American. Passing comments from Canada's right-wing defence minister Robert Coates that it is 'only right and proper' that Canada's peace movement has attracted little attention only reinforced their glee.

One can only wonder at the astonishment of those same officials four days later when Mulroney in one fell swoop shot down any Canadian role in Star Wars and any stationing of nuclear weapons. As far as he was concerned the DEW line is simply to be upgraded with 52 new stations in order to provide a tighter network of security. On 17 March, Mulroney and Reagan signed an agreement to that effect. However, since Mulroney's defiant public stance on Star Wars, those who doubted his ability to stand firm have been proved correct. He has begun to give way and, like the US's European allies, is considering co-operating with research into the scheme. The task force to look into this is not expected to report for some time, but there is well-funded pessimism over whether Mulroney will keep his nerve in the face of US pressure. □

FRANCE

POSITIVE REFORMER

While President Mitterrand's socialist experiment seems largely to have lost direction in other areas, the government's reforming zeal for justice and civil rights remains unabated. Nicholas Bell reports

IN THE LAST four years France's Socialist Justice Minister has presided over a most remarkable series of legal reforms. It has run totally counter to repressive developments elsewhere in Europe.

Two events in particular affected Robert Badinter's view of democratic freedoms and human rights. His father was arrested before his eyes by the Nazis in 1943 and later murdered in Auschwitz. Later, he witnessed as a lawyer the execution of a client who had not even been involved in a murder. He saw the young man 'cut in half' by the guillotine. Ever since, he has been a fervent advocate of human and social justice and an opponent of the death penalty.

Badinter became Minister of Justice without climbing the usual political ladder. He came directly from his law chambers and from his Paris University professorial chair. He immediately set about carrying out a vast series of reforms — the first, and most symbolic, being the abolition of the death penalty, which gave rise to heated debate in parliament before being passed in September 1981.

> Once the abolition of the death penalty had been adopted and I left the Senate saying to myself 'that is the end of the guillotine', I had a prodigious feeling of fulfillment, conscious of having profoundly changed our system of justice. It is true that I believe in a humane and generous justice. I passionately believe in it, and it is not a passion that is always shared. . .The true political significance of capital punishment has its roots in the idea that the State has the right over its citizens up to the point of its withdrawing their right to live. At the heart of the decision to abolish the death penalty is a certain conception of man and justice. Those who want a justice that kills, are guided by two main convictions — that men exist who are totally responsible for their acts and that a form of justice is possible which is so utterly convinced of its infallibility that it is capable of deciding who should live and who should die.
>
> I find both statements equally erroneous. However terrible and heinous the crime may be, there can hardly be a man in this world whose guilt is so total to the point of all hope being lost. However wise justice may be, and however reasonable and anxious the men and women who judge, justice remains human and therefore fallible. . .We refuse this justice of elimination, this justice of anguish and death, decided upon with an ever present margin of uncertainty. We refuse it because it is the triumph of passion and fear over reason and humanity.

Badinter then proceeded to abolish all forms of emergency legislation and the special courts — the Demonstration Control laws (introduced after May 1968), the 'Security and Liberty Laws' (which restricted a citizen's personal freedom), the 'State Security Court' (introduced during the Algerian War) and the use of military tribunals in peacetime. At the same time, he pushed through the suppression of high-security wings in prisons.

> I have total faith in common justice, the justice of the citizens and the magistrates. For me, this justice, ridden of emergency jurisdiction and laws, this justice of freedom, can stand up to all criminals, whether they be terrorists, bandits, or both. . .
>
> I will always refuse needlessly repressive, but politically exploitable, legislation because it implies a refusal of all redemption and of the salvation that is always possible. . .This legislation expresses a certain conception of 'dangerous layers' in the population — those who make up the fringe, the young unemployed, deviants and also the immigrants; in short, all those who should be surveyed and inevitably punished more than the others because they are, by definition, assumed to be dangerous. I refuse this human pessimism and this social segregation.

BADINTER NEEDED political courage to pursue these policies. It is hardly surprising that he quickly became the top target of the Opposition and of the sensational and right-wing press which accused him of being the 'friend of assassins', of being responsible for the 'insecurity' and 'fear' said to reign in the country, in spite of all the statistics to the contrary.

Camera Press

Robert Badinter: aiming to rewrite the Code Napoleon

As the Archbishop of Paris told Badinter after the abolition of the death penalty: 'Your trials are far from over. You represent abolition and every time that a death penalty is not pronounced you will inherit the frustrated desire for revenge'.

Other Badinter measures have included the raising of legal aid by 50 per cent, benefits for prisoners, improvements in the programme to help former prisoners to reintegrate, the elimination of the legal discrimination against homosexuals and a programme to make justice and its mechanisms more accessible and comprehensible to the public.

> I have never ceased to repeat that the struggle against delinquency cannot be won by laws alone. It can only be won by fighting it on the field. Therefore we have to tackle it efficiently at a regional, municipal and borough level. We must launch and encourage all kinds of programmes in co-operation with the locally elected representatives, with local associations, with trade unions. This is the method we have chosen, namely one of active prevention.

An example of preventive measures taken by the government is a programme by which holidays are organised for young unemployed, particularly immigrants, to help them get out of the sprawling suburbs during the hot summer months. The hope is that this policy will be more effective against petty crime than saturation policing or repressive penalties.

> We have to develop substitution sentences as an alternative to prison. . .Of course, a work sentence could not be given without the consent of the condemned. First, because the international conventions forbid forced labour; second, because the sentence will be better carried out if it has the agreement of the condemned.

Robert Badinter's great project now is the completion of a new, liberal Penal Code — the present one dating from Napoleon (1810) and bearing the marks of an authoritarian empire. The Human Rights Committee of the United Nations has expressed its special recognition of Robert Badinter's reform work and recommended it to other countries. Significantly, Brazil, just after its return to democracy, invited Badinter to help introduce reform of Brazilian justice. □

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Putting the life back into London's industry

The London Industrial Strategy is a radical new policy for restructuring London's industrial core, being published by the GLC in June.

It includes traditional and new industries, services like health care and activities which are not usually seen as part of employment policy, like housework. It lays the foundation for tackling London's ever increasing economic problems.

The GLC is holding a conference on Tuesday 4 June to launch the London Industrial Strategy. You are invited to participate, to hear about the work so far, to discuss its relevance to your workplace and community and to make use of the Strategy in the fight for jobs.

Speakers will include **Neil Kinnock MP, Brenda Dean, John Prescott MP, Tony Benn MP, Ken Livingstone and Michael Ward.**

Tuesday 4 June 1985

The London Industrial Strategy Conference

9.30 am – 5.30 pm, The Conference Hall, County Hall, London SE1 7PB

Creche facilities will be provided by the GLC Mobile Creche.

Please register in advance with: Steve Scotland, DG/IEB/FIU, Room IB2N, GLC, The County Hall, London SE1 7PB. Tel: 01-633 8491.

LONDON AGAINST RACISM

GLC JOBS YEAR '85

GLC Working for London

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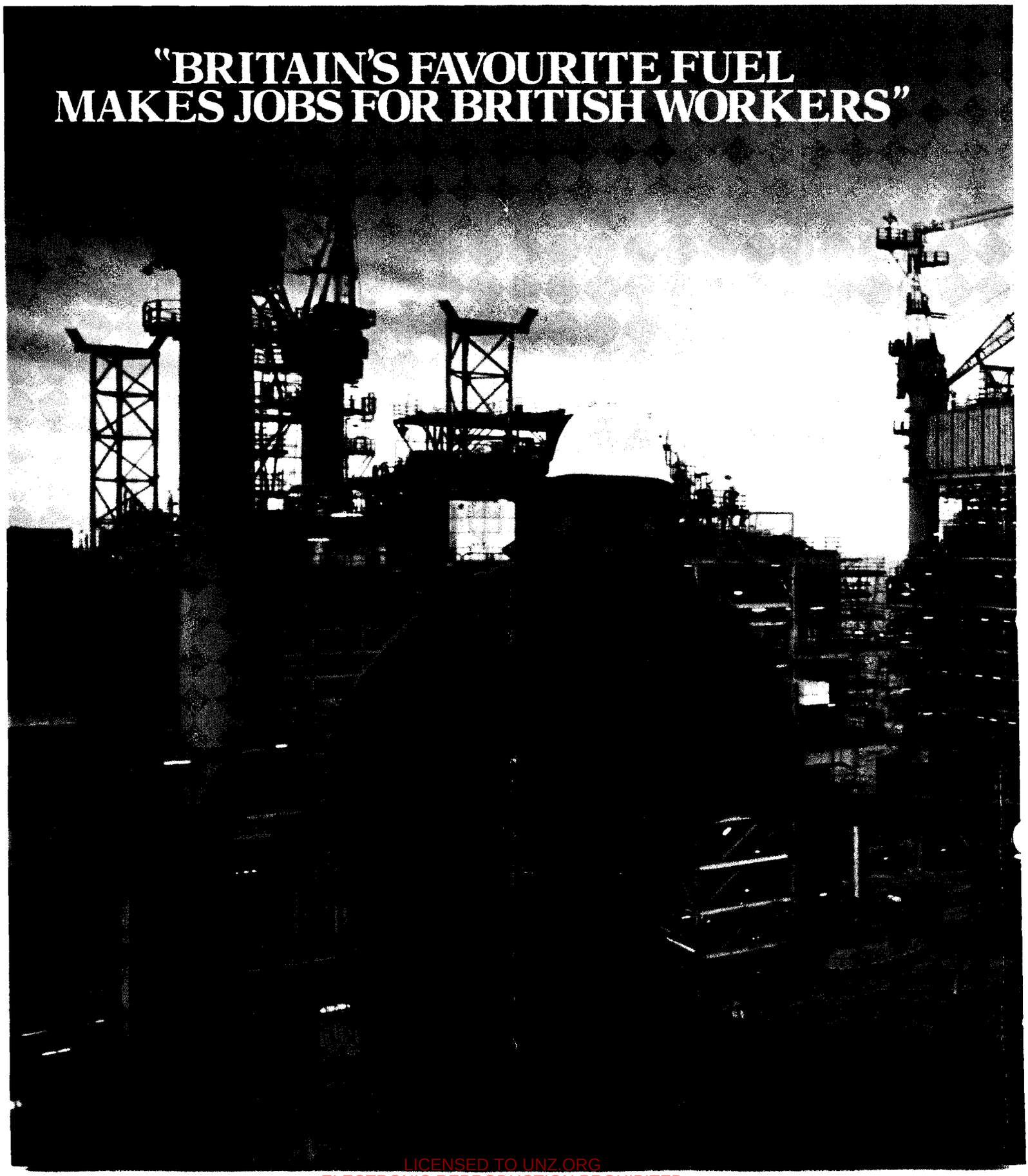
Like most people, Colin Welland prefers gas for home heating. But, like many people, he didn't realise that gas provides getting on for *sixty per cent* of all the heat used in British homes. Nor did he know that it's the most widely used heat source in industry, or that this domestic and industrial demand brings many benefits to Britain. Benefits like jobs for British workers.



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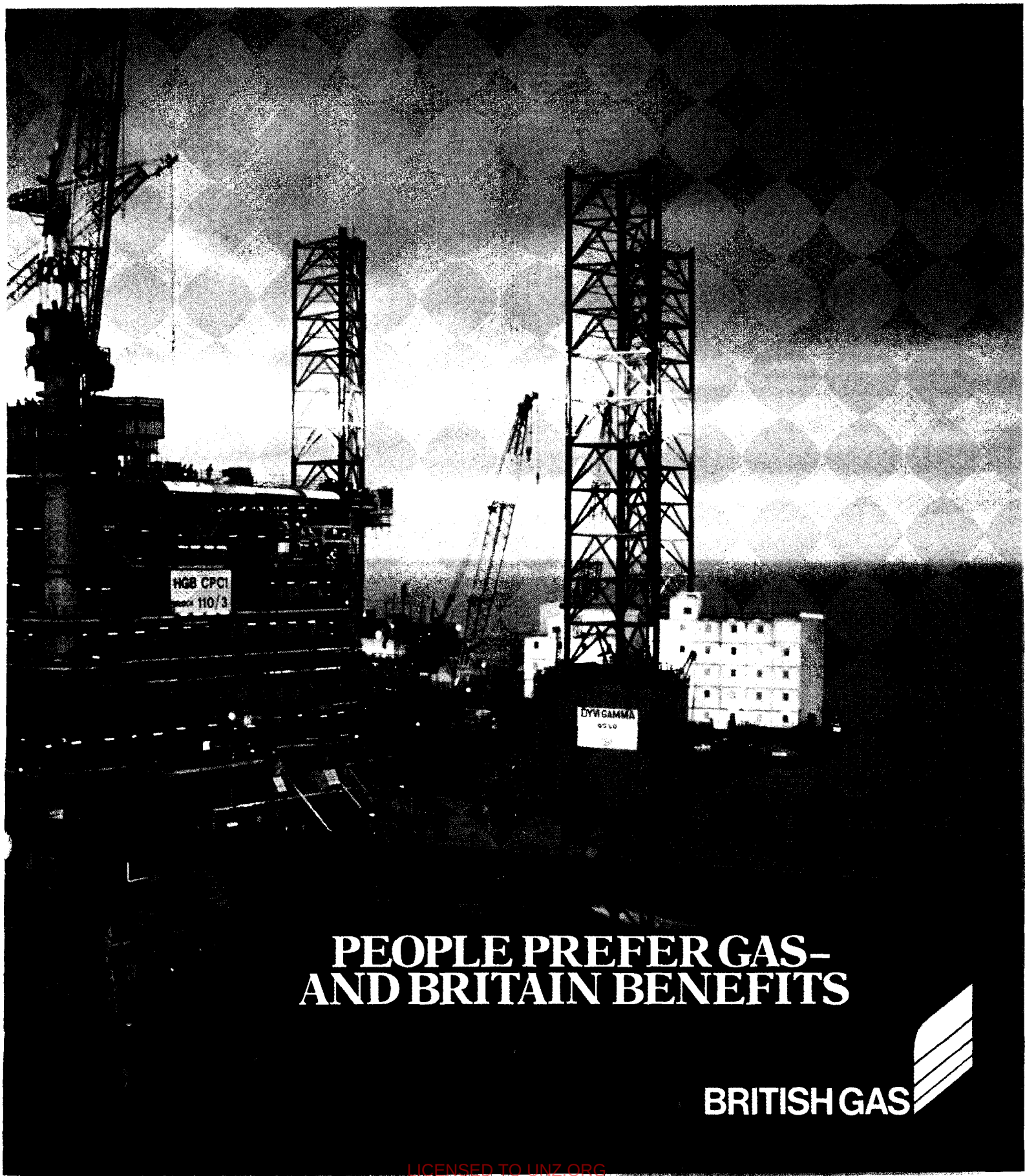
For example, the gas people's own giant Morecambe Field, offshore from Blackpool, is being developed at a cost of more than one-and-a-half billion pounds.
The major part of this massive investment is being spent with British firms, which has led to the creation of literally thousands of jobs for British workers.
So, in a very real sense, Britain benefits because people prefer gas. Ask Colin Welland!



PEOPLE PREFER GAS– AND BRITAIN BENEFITS

BRITISH GAS

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LETTERS

Unholy alliances and the BBC

John Foster, Broadcasting Organiser, National Union of Journalists

John Ellis, in his piece identifying the partnership between independent producers and the anti-BBC free marketeers, says pretty much everything there is to be said about the threat this represents to public service broadcasting (*NS* 10 May).

One can only reflect in sorrow that some of our more independent spirits in television journalism have innocently or otherwise become the bed-fellows of a faction which sees the New Age of broadcasting rather as Queen Elizabeth I saw the Spanish Main — a rich opportunity for plunder.

But the real mistake of the independents drawn into this alliance is to imagine the chief purpose of dismantling the BBC would be to create a more diverse and liberated environment for small to medium production companies. That may have been a by-product of Channel Four. And there is clearly a Thatcherite infatuation with the notion of 'corner shop' entrepreneurs.

But the grand design of the powerful lobby egging the Prime Minister on will lead ultimately not to an enduring independent sector, but to the emergence of new global entrepreneurs like Robert Maxwell, Ted Turner in America and Rupert Murdoch, to whom this Prime Minister owes not a few favours. They are the broadcasting barons of the future who are even now sinking millions of pounds and dollars into production companies, cable and satellite franchises, newspapers and TV stations in America.

What is being attempted, with the Peacock Inquiry being used as the stalking horse for 'commercialising' the BBC and then privatising it , is the demolition of the dominant, publicly-funded broadcasting service which stands in the way of Murdoch and Co and the Americanisation of British radio and television.

That's why the National Union of Journalists' campaign, Public Voice, Public Vision, is fighting for the future of a BBC free of advertising.

The independent producers would be better employed fighting for a broadcasting framework which ensures real editorial independence for programme makers — not the de-regulation which could result in ruthless commercial exploitation and discarded standards.

The big carve-up

John Penney, Cheshire

Reading Hugo Williams describe the BBC 2 history programme as 'excellent' followed by his repetition of the view presented by that programme of the fall of Berlin in 1945 (*NS* 17 May) made me wonder if I had watched the same *Timewatch* as him.

The underlying theme was that the Americans had been too trusting of Russian intentions and had finally become aware of the chicanery and ruthless expansionism of Stalin when faced with the Russian seizure of Berlin and later consolidation of Eastern Europe. How neatly this fits into contemporary Western politico military strategy as presented in its santitised propaganda version.

The wartime allies had agreed the 'stop lines' in the European theatre across Germany, not out of wide-eyed innocence but as a cynical, gangsterish carving up of territory on all sides. Thus 'we' might have lost Eastern Europe but Stalin 'gave away' Greece, Italy, and possibly France, given the strengths of the Communist-dominated resistance in these countries.

The present manifestations of the Cold War can therefore be seen more realistically as not a battle between the 'peace loving West' and the 'expansionist Soviets' but as a struggle between two *equally* corrupt and brutal regimes, surely a more historically accurate picture?

Not a lot after 4,000 years

Dr David Harris, Fellow in Biochemistry, St Anne's College, Oxford

I was happy to see, again, the graphs of death from infectious diseases, over the past 100 years ('Prolonging active life', *NS* 10 May). It is always heartening to see the increase in the pace of medical developments. Deaths from TB, for example, fell by 50 per cent over the 50 years 1860-1910 — but the next 50 per cent fall took only 25 years, the next only 12 years — and between 1950 and 1960 the fall was a massive 80 per cent. I was surprised that this encouraging news was not reflected in the tone of the article.

I would disagree with Dr Sharpe, too, that these advances were related particularly to the beginning of animal experimentation in the 19th century. The development of scientific methods of observation, as exemplified by John Snow, was clearly one major factor. Neither am I clear whether, as he claims, the lack of (or lack of funding of) bodies such as the Health and Safety Executive and the Health Education Council was also important in this improvement in public health. To make this claim is to confuse statistical correlation with causality, and I am sure he would not wish to do that.

On the other hand, 4,000 years ago, human lifespan was given as threescore years and ten. Despite all our efforts, the mean age at death is only 72.4 years. Or did God use a different set of statistics?

Take-away oatcake chains

Richard Ross, London N15

If David Montrose wraps his oatcakes in a damp teacloth, warms them in an oven, and then eats them cold, I'm not surprised they taste like moist face flannels (*NS* 10 May).

The first law of the Staffordshire oatcake is that they must be eaten hot; the second is that they should be eaten near to where they were made. Like fine wine, oatcakes do not travel well, that is why you will not find them far from the Potteries. What is needed is a chain of take-aways, selling filled oatcakes on china plates — 'Josiah's Oatcakeries' perhaps.

You might also have mentioned that proceeds from the sale of the 'Staffordshire Oatcake Recipe Book' go to the appeal for the new Victoria Theatre in Stoke-on-Trent.

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Motorway madness

Oliver Owen, Hove, Sussex

Mick Hamer's is a good article (*NS* 17 May). This is a huge subject, but there are some more points for early consideration suggested by common sense, let alone by socialism.

There are signs, for instance, that transport policy and practice are approaching crisis. Motorway overloading is often evident. And, far from relieving pressure, motorways seem disproportionately to generate more road traffic. Officialdom may not have grasped this. It predicted that the M25 (North East sector) would cause a lessening of North Circular Road traffic. In fact it increased it. The Dartford Tunnel, enlarged 100 per cent not long ago, is already often a bottleneck again.

By both size and numbers of lorries encouraged, motorways have worsened conditions on many 'A' roads and in towns. Road traffic cannot get door-to-door on motorways. There is the rub. So theories about freer movement and relief of congestion are already gravely weakened. Apologists are now taking the line that we need still more motorways, that local anomalies still exist. This shift is polemically very telling.

The safety case too is badly compromised. Motorway madness in fog is now well-known. It was not foreseen by motorway ideologues. And in the opinion of some experienced drivers, another madness may soon lead to clear-air pile-ups of horrendous proportions. What seems to be happening is this. While speeds of 80 plus may be 'safe', in certain conditions, these last three words are often forgotten. The speed limit is a dead letter in any case. And a fair number of drivers evidently think they can drive at well over the limit even in crowded, rush-hour conditions. Relatively small errors or mishaps, at lower speeds, could at 80+ trigger multiple collisions of appalling size and impacts.

It may be true that the motor car represented more freedom for many families. For a while. It may be true that in some circumstances (and it depends on how you fiddle the figures) lorries can seem more business-efficient than goods trains or canals, or coastal shipping. But if certain trends continue, then restrictions and costs seem set to overtake benefits. One business motorist estimates that lorry congestion alone may be costing him around £2,000 a year, and he is not a particularly 'expensive' executive. Multiply that up! It is totally ignored by road freight protagonists.

And, historically, while rail closures were rationalised in accountancy terms, in retrospect one begins to see ideology as a prime factor. In fact the philosophers of competition wanted less — for road freight!

Waiting in hope

Meg Hewson, Leicester

May I correct a factual error which appeared in your issue of 10 May. Jeremy Hanley is not the holder of the lowest majority in the country — that distinction belongs to my MP, Derek Spencer (Conservative Leicester South) who in 1983 defeated the sitting Labour MP, Jim Marshall, by just seven votes. We in Leicester South Labour Party hope to reverse that result at the earliest possible opportunity.

Understanding the Miners' Strike
The price of this book was omitted from last week's Fabian Society advertisement. It costs **£2** from the **Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, London SW1H 9BN.**

FEEDBACK

Broadcasting's market forces

TWO WEEKS AGO in these pages I was told to get on with the job of 'working out a new cultural policy for broadcasting'. I'm not up to the job. Let me try, instead, like Max Headroom, to step 20 minutes into the future.

The Left has traditionally favoured broadcasting regulation. Regulation creates the electronic forum where citizens speak and are heard. It convenes the national audience and holds it together, restricting choice, but justifying the restriction by a 'mixed schedule'. This preference is being revised, mainly because of a sense of the corrupting and deadening influence of institutional interest. Every state regulatory agency, even when it's controlled at 'arm's length' like the IBA or the BBC, progressively accommodates the political establishment which guarantees its survival.

John Reith's blueprint for the BBC has always been cheered by the Left who support aims like a lack of dependence on the profit motive, the provision of national coverage even to remote areas, protection from sectional pressure. But Reith did not plan the BBC's freedom. Consequently the BBC has had to train up cadres versed in the arts of appeasing politicians.

Today there's a growing ambivalence from left-wing cultural critics like Ian Connell who wrote recently: '. . .where the BBC has been aloof and patrician, ITV has often been responsive to public demand, has taken into account what its viewers actually watch and want to watch'. In other words, a 'commercial medium' 'represents' people better than a non-commercial one.

An important new revisionary phase may be under way, prompted by new thinking on the subject of 'choice'. Stuart Hall, writing in *Marxism Today* in November 1984, spoke of the need for the Left to reappropriate a notion of 'freedom' and rescue it from the collectivist or 'statist' fallacy that socialism means collectivism. He went on a discuss a 'trickier aspect of Freedom: the question of choice' asking: 'Is the idea of choice, which is intrinsic to the whole critique of statism, an essentially reactionary, right-wing capitalist idea?'.

Stuart doesn't answer directly, but points to what he sees as promising and affirmative developments — *City Limits*, Virago, Radio Laser and the 'independents clustered round Channel Four'. He continues: '. . .a degree of entrepreneurship can create openings, or recognise a new need, even a new social need' and concludes that most of these innovatory activities operate on 'what one can only call an "artisan capitalism" basis'. His words have the sound of large assumptions moving. They suggest a shift of cultural policy on the Left, inflecting it right away from state regulation, towards freedom, choice, diversity.

The Left has always been clear about the exploitative aspects of markets, and the disadvantages of excessive market power. New left market theory — bound to emerge as intellectuals catch up with what's actually happening in China, France, Hungary — will acknowledge that a market is, for all its ills, the means by which people exchange their work. What's more, a market is supplied, not just by greedy and power-hungry people, but also by people who want to create objects of value and offer them to their fellows. Finally, a market's ability to satisfy small, particular and local needs is a measure of its ability to provide 'choice'. I say this with some emphasis, having read John Ellis (*NS* 10 May) using phrases like the 'market politics of false populism'. I don't understand what he means.

This rethinking would make it easier for policy makers on the Left to extract particular social objectives from market mechanisms, while acting against the particular ills — excessive capital accumulation, excessive market power, inequalities of purchasing power — that seem likely to emerge within particular markets.

So. . .let us propose a radical cultural policy with this aim: the maximum of choice with the minimum amount of market dominance. This would require something quite different from an 'industrial' policy, designed to promote exports and jobs. But, then, perhaps cultural policy should be *that* different.

It would go further than the policies suggested by James Curran in *The Future of the Left*, which include tough anti-monopoly measures in the communications field, a media bank to support new enterprises and divested companies, a guarantee of subsidy for any paper with more than 200,000 readers. His aim is to 'widen access to the market so that radical media can compete on equal terms with mainstream media'.

That's not enough. What about a policy to limit the size of producers further? No left government should wish to deprive mass audiences of the benefits of popular programmes paid for by advertising. On the contrary it should provide as many of these as possible by leasing airwaves. The sheltered monopoly conditions of ITV have led to high-cost programmes and overpaid workers, restricting output and making entry difficult. Forcing down production costs by increasing competition would decrease market dominance, open up access, increase the supply of the product.

James Curran might still be worried about dominance by big international conglomerates. Well, then, continue the ruthless protection of the industry that it gets at the moment; insist that no holder of a lease gets a second tenure; stop lease holders from making their own programmes; limit the proportion of programmes made by any one company. . .

As a further step, I would suggest a regulated channel, designed specifically for programmes with audiences below 1.5 million, subsidised by lease payments on mass-audience channels, supplemented by subscriptions. Programmes would be commissioned by administrations appointed for five years only, their objectives to be defined by law. These would include the provision of programmes for minorities and the production of a range of public affairs programmes. Diversity of political opinion would be encouraged, programme regulation limited to a minimum. All restraints on freedom of speech would be defined by law and arbitrated through the courts.

And a Left government should encourage the sale and production of privately produced audiovisual material, taking stern measures to stop any boycott or blacklisting of work that deserves a broadcast.

I think my 20 minutes is up.

David Graham

David Graham is Executive Producer, Diverse Productions.

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SPEAKING OF MEN

Kobal Collection

The shining sepulchre of heterosexuality shimmers unquestioned

In women's ears, men never stop talking, especially about themselves. Yet throughout the ages they have been silent about the personal and peculiar experience of being a man. JOHN BOWEN suggests how men can start asking questions about where they're coming from — or want to go

ONE OF THE problems with writing about masculinity is the word itself: it seems to invoke some universal 'natural' quality rather than the particular social and historical forms of male behaviour. 'Male-ness' might be a possible alternative, except it seems only to belong in sub-Lawrencian sentences beginning 'He felt the thrusting prow of his male-ness rising from the foam. . .'.

At the final plenary of last year's *Literature, Teaching, Politics* conference, a loose gathering of socialist and feminist teachers and students from schools and higher and further education, the issue of male silence in response to feminism and the women's movement became the fraught centre of the discussion. Why did men never address the question of gender and their own sexuality? Was it a respectful, supportive silence, as was (quietly) claimed? Or yet another cop-out or expression of hostility? It seems to be an impasse that has often been reached on the Left — once some men realised it was not in their immediate interest to express overt hostility to feminism, this uneasy silence began to form on the shores of feminist speech, impossible to construe except as total support or utter hostility.

Silence, in its positive form, has been seen as the necessary opening of a space for women to speak, and the beginning of a male willingness not to want to dominate *every* discussion; yet it is perhaps time to ask if the speech/silence opposition is a sufficient response to feminism, whether there might be a more complex response that didn't amount to 'setting them right about theory' (or class, or whatever). Now might be the time not to withdraw into that silent monitoring, but to begin to speak, albeit in a different way from before. Which is not just to end a little silence, but also to fumble towards a new speech, a new way of representing ourselves, other than as 'humanity', 'authority' or 'truth'.

It sounds strange to say that male silence is a problem: there are more than enough 'expressions' of masculinity, and no shortage of male speech. Yet it is male speech that denies its special male-ness in its constant claims to be speaking universally, impersonally, for 'humanity' as a whole. When it does speak of its gender, it is resolutely a-historical and misogynist: it can only assert, in forms ever more painful to itself and others, its

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timeless, essential, human 'nature'. As Norman Mailer puts it: 'Cultural conditioning to be masculine or feminine may not be the arbitrary exercise of a patriarchal society so much as derive from an instinct or impulse of nature. . .a man can become more male and a woman more female by coming together in the full rigors of the fuck.' (the *Prisoner of Sex*)

Just as men have an interest in staying silent about masculinity, hoping that (like housework) if they leave it long enough someone else will do it for them, so too they have an interest in presenting masculinity as self-enclosed and unchanging. And this is perhaps our greatest problem, and an urgent political task — to begin to see masculinity as heterogeneous, contradictory, social and historical; defined not by any essence, but in and through relations to femininity, to class, to race, to age. Kate Millett perceived the essentially divided nature of masculinity when she wrote in *Sexual Politics* that 'the principles of patriarchy appear to be two-fold: male shall dominate female, elder male shall dominate younger'. Of course within masculinity there are certain regularities — homophobia or the taboo on tenderness, for example; but there is no single form or way of representing masculinity, no timeless human essence and it is a reactionary step to assume there is.

Faced with various forms of masculinity, the common view is to see masculinity as an undifferentiated sludge of unproblematical normality flanked on its outer edges by cases of the exceptional and therefore trivial or wrong — like rapists. There is a 'liberal' response to this — to see these extremes as the abnormalities which need to be brought back to the central sludge in the middle, or a 'radical' response — that the differences between 'normal' and 'pathological' masculinity are really very little and there is more or less a continuity between 'pathological' masculinity and 'normal' heterosexuality. Both these approaches — that the central body of heterosexual male behaviour is normal or that it is as sick and ill as the extreme manifestations of it — seem to miss the object, leaving the complex bulk of male behaviour unanalysed and homogeneous.

The main exception to this is of course the politics of the gay movement, where these definitions of masculinity are immediately rendered unworkable. Gay men have produced the bulk of work in this country that speaks of male desire and sexuality. It too, though, can be pushed into the margins and brackets of so many socialist statements (women, blacks, gays etc.), leaving the shiny white sepulchre of heterosexuality shimmering unquestioned. It is time for heterosexuality and homosexuality to begin to be thought about together in all their complex relations, and the centrality of both homoeroticism and homophobia to straight culture to be recognised.

MEN HAVE treated their masculinity as the public norm — or they have kept it private. It is quite easy to get men to admit that masculinity is difficult or unstable, at least after a few drinks. The stock response to any discussion of masculinity is at first: 'No. I don't see what the problem is. *I'm not going into an encounter group*'. And then beyond that is a very rapid retreat to a second position: 'Masculinity is a problem. I was terribly bullied at school. It's very hard having to perform all the time. . .' In some ways this is a step forward, but because of its essentially *personal* nature can quickly degenerate into 'Of course it's very difficult being a man. In fact it's harder than being a woman. I don't see what these feminists make such a fuss about. Shall I tell you about my divorce. . .?'

Between these evasive representations of men as the voice of universal humanity or the fraught victims of their own power, is perhaps a third way. Masculinity, as it is lived, is constantly divided in and against itself, at the level both of group behaviour and that of the subconscious's multiple unformed desires. These are not always accessible to simple conscious intention or control but in a collective understanding of what and where those divisions are, in an historical and social analysis of its fissures and alliances, is where a politics of masculinity might begin.

The experience of masculinity for all men is one of violence, of heterogeneous groupings and alliances against ourselves, other men, women. Our task is first to make clear what these contradictions are, to celebrate that they exist and then to exploit them. It is perhaps here that a politics of masculinity differs from a feminist politics. A feminist politics is often concerned with the forging of alliances, of stressing the common experience of oppression, of uniting women in that common knowledge. A progressive politics of masculinity has to be primarily concerned with destroying alliances between men against others, and founding other alliances, both within and more importantly, outside the traditional forms of male organisation, from the sports club to the trade union.

It is futile though merely morally to exhort men to behave in new or different ways, as if we would each do it alone tomorrow by a simple act of will, unless we can also produce the necessary understanding of those half-forgotten histories of how families, schools and institutions make us men. Sooner or later men will have to speak of many things — their experiences, their history, the theory of masculinity and patriarchy, the reading and writing of texts. I hesitate before asking men to begin with their personal experience, if only because experience is such a difficult category. Its success as the common ground for the women's movement cannot be simply transferred wholesale. On the one hand 'Experience' is what men always claim to have —

Of course it's very difficult being a man. Shall I tell you about my fantasies?

Rex Features

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knowledge of the public world, how to fix cars, etc.; it's what separates the men from the boys. Yet it is always a very general, almost abstract and unspecified Experience that men claim to have; its most characteristic image is perhaps that of the steely gaze of the weatherbeaten face. It's all there in *The Boyhood of Raleigh* — the innocent boy-child, the escape from the pettiness of the shore and most of all the unspoken volumes in the old salt's face that speak of Experience but also of nothing in particular. We can call this 'Experience — as-ideology' and of course against this there is another 'experience' which is more specific, emotional and contradictory. It is this more personal experience that men find hard to discuss, and even if they could, would it necessarily be productive?

This curious double-manoeuvre that seems near the heart of masculinity — on the one hand to claim all the authority of the 'Experience' of the world while staying silent about any particular manifestations of it also occurs within literary criticism. 'Experience' is the touchstone of Leavisite criticism, the supposed ground of all literary and moral judgment, yet literary teachers spend more of their time preventing students' own experiences from ever entering the room; the critic I. A. Richards dismissed the 'overly personal' as 'mnemonic irrelevance'. Raymond Williams on the Left, has been much braver in his recent willingness (in *Politics and Letters*) to discuss the specifics of experience in his political and literary judgments; yet whereas he can discuss movingly his wartime experience and his political isolation, his family experience figures only by its absence.

Experience, because of this curious double quality, is no simple ground on which a politics of masculinity can be built; it is either so close it hurts or so general that it's empty. The French theorist Michel Foucault distinguished between universal and specific intellectual practices — one the voice of universal humanity, the other allied to particular struggles in specific institutions. And if we need a model for a way to speak about our masculinity it is here in speaking of our specific spaces, institutions and positions. Masculinity is neither 'normal' nor outside power relations; neither a general history nor the transcription of experience is adequate to its devious exercise of power. To attempt more or less than this social, historical analysis would be an evasion.

THE LACK OF analysis of male heterosexual behaviour and conduct is astounding. When I recently looked for a copy of Barbara Ehrenreich's excellent *The Hearts of Men*, there was only one place in the bookshop I could look — Women's Studies. If I want to know at what point I no longer had to be a gentleman, when I could say or behave in this or that way, I look in vain. When did our institutions, our specifically male spaces, our rituals, come into being? I want to know, not to celebrate them, but to understand my history.

My own place, my own institution, is a University department of English, which is a very peculiar sort of place to work. It has been one of the most open of all academic disciplines to the insights of feminism over recent years, and the politics of gender have become, particularly through student demand, a, if not *the*, central political issue within the teaching of literature. These advances are wholly to be welcomed, yet the danger exists of feminism, far from transforming the whole discipline, becoming a ghetto ('We've got a feminist. She does that') or one 'approach' among many in the pluralism of the liberal academy. One of the crucial tasks open to men now is the extension of questions about the politics of gender into the whole of their teaching practice and the reading of 'texts'.

English is often perceived as a particularly 'feminine' subject in its claim to be able to resolve the contradictions between the public and private, the emotional and rational, intuitive and logical, yet the consequences of this for the male majority of its teachers or the female majority of its students have never been publicly discussed except in the most reactionary form. As one male teacher of English in higher education put it to me: 'Of course the real problem is all these quiet young girls we get that we have to open up'.

Most literary texts raise questions of sexuality and gender and there are two positions on this that look similar, but are very different. It has been argued to me (by a male lecturer) that if women students don't want to discuss, say, sex in John Donne, then effectively they should be made to, because they're repressing something, and how can they understand the poem without fully, freely and frankly being able to discuss without embarrassment physical relationships between people etc. etc. This is a kind of 60s 'liberation theory' allied to an English liberalism of free enlightenment discourse of all things under heaven, and seems to me wrong. The difference between 'talking about sex' in teaching, which is what too many English tutors have done for too long, and oppressively, and talking about the social and historical construction of gender, needs to be made explicit.

A second step would be for male teachers to begin to examine their own emotions; the emotions of students are constantly incited — 'how do you feel?', 'What was your response?', but that of teachers never. And in beginning to recognise our own emotional relationships with students, we need to recognise also the crippling pressure of masculinity to think of, to convert, any emotion into simple predatory sexuality. It is something you learn very young as a boy — 'I like her, she's nice'. 'Well give her one then', and one of masculinity's favourite manoeuvres; within English it is constantly incited both by informal male staffroom culture and the 'comic' novels of various university teachers who have managed to create an entire sub-genre of fiction about the pleasures and difficulties of having sex with students.

IT WILL BE a long march to write the history of what makes us men, and to change the social relations of our teaching, but there is a third place to begin. Teaching a literary text is no substitute for a fully cultural analysis of the making and circulating of gender difference. Yet in the current state of the Humanities, it is the task that many of us are engaged in, and which we will necessarily continue to carry out over coming years. The text is now in many ways an unfashionable object, but feminism has taught us ways of inveigling questions of gender onto apparently reactionary cases, and if we are concerned with a general tranformation of the politics of masculinity, it can provide more than a way in. For masculinity can be raised as a question about any text whatsoever; its evasions and denials of its own gendered position, its contradictory representations, its fathers, its sons. Masculinity is not a question to be raised only with the obvious cases — Lawrence, Mailer, Miller; we need readings and a history of 'ordinary' men. Precisely because masculinity makes these claims to universality, which can never be sustained, a point of leverage is provided. What is the greatest strength of masculinity, its claim to be the voice of universal humanity, is also the great strength and claim of white bourgeois literature.

It is rare in a University Department of English to feel that you are in the avant-garde of anything, except perhaps Thomas Hardy studies, or punctuation theory. Yet in relation to feminism perhaps we are; which is what those men's silence testified as they faced the contradictions and disruptions of feminist speech to their usual coherences and continuities. Both masculinity and literature make the same claim, the right to be everywhere, unquestioned, as the voice of universal humanity. What looks like their greatest strength could also be their downfall. □

Many thanks to everyone at the Literature, Teaching, Politics conference, especially the Masculinity Group

John Bowen lectures at the University of Keele.

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Values

Peter Dormer

Images of God: The Consolations of Lost Illusions
PETER FULLER *Chatto Tigerstripe* £4.95

WHAT IS CORRUPTING the arts in Britain as much as anything is the inability of many critics and administrators to make aesthetic judgments. There are plenty of words, spoken and written, about the need to make the arts popular, relevant, democratic, multi-ethnic, bi-sexual and participatory, but very little is said about what is good in art.

It is not that these are especially bad times for good art but that a large art industry has grown up which, like a monstrous steam engine, needs ton after ton of fuel — and the more mediocre the fuel the more is needed to keep the machine running. The majority of art critics have given up guiding us to what they think is good and why. Art critics have either hitched their wagon to the populist art history trade — the 'Your Hundred Most Famous Pictures' brigade — or else written impenetrably about everything peripheral to art except art itself. There are exceptions, like John Spurling and William Feaver, and one of them is Peter Fuller.

Fuller annoyed a lot of art people in the late 1970s. He said unequivocally what many intelligent people outside the art world had felt for years: that most of the art being made, subsidised, exhibited and taught was aesthetically and spiritually worthless.

He went on to explore art and the imagination, and the importance of tradition in art. He audaciously suggested that good art sprang from skill as well as imagination — though he has never matched Tom Stoppard's succinct expression of the issue, which is that skill without imagination gives us useful things like wicker baskets, while imagination without skill gives us modern art.

Many of Fuller's opponents within the art world also oppose him hysterically because they cannot understand his ideological position — they find it hard to get to grips with a man who shares Roger Scruton's views on aesthetics and William Morris's views on socialism.

And so this latest collection of Fuller's essays embraces a wide range of topics including the Hayward Annual, Design, Taste, Craft and Christ. An important aspect of his writings is his ability to show the links between aesthetic and moral values without conflating them. So much of what is mediocre art is nodded through by administrators and windy critics because, though the art is bad, they deem the motives for making it to be sound. This is as unwise as excusing Genghis Khan on the grounds that he was sincere.

The title of the book, *Images of God,* echoes Fuller's belief that, in the absence of an all-embracing religion, art, and the aesthetic dimension to material life, provides us in our leisure and work with consolation and solace. And, although Fuller is an atheist, he is fascinated not only by the consoling power of religion but also by the way in which Christianity was the foundation for art which, he argues, was powerful because it sprang from a belief and a metaphor that everyone shared. He argues that the lack of a shared symbolic order is what impoverishes art — and life in the community today. Fuller's atheism haunts him in many of these essays. Sometimes the arguments are over-assertive. And Fuller's eagerness to construct a theory which is part-biological, part-psychological to justify his view that at heart we all need and share the same kinds of aesthetic responses, strikes me as springing from a fear of despair which is the obverse of scepticism.

Unsurprisingly, this collection includes an essay called 'The Christs of Faith and the Jesus of History'. It detaches Jesus, the man, who got

Eric Gill's *Eve* (1926)

his prophecies wrong, from Christ and the phenomenon of Christianity. Christianity emerges from this essay as a scandal but soon Fuller must write an essay showing how such great art as the cathedrals he and so many of us love emerged from the fabrication of lies that he shows Christianity to be. There is a depressing core in the idea that a shared symbolic order made out of lies can nonetheless give rise to good, i.e. consoling, art.

Although Fuller does not conflate aesthetic with moral values, he is an interventionist critic. That is to say, he is not only alert to the political and social dimension of his arguments but likes to link them to practical, political proposals. But here occasionally, like William Morris, he goes adrift. Fuller's worst argument occurs in his essay 'Art and Industry' in which he postulates a two-tier economy in which the crafts would form the second tier of the economy and machines would make the objects of primary necessity thus releasing us from unaesthetic work. I have several objections to this view but one obvious one is that such a two-tier division would concentrate too much power in the hands of too few people — whoever controlled the factories of 'primary necessities', be they capitalists, trade union committees or Morris dancers, would have the whip-hand.

Nevertheless, taken as a whole, these essays confirm for me that Fuller is easily the best writer in Britain on the visual arts. And even where he is a fallible critic when dealing with some of the particulars in art, he has identified and tackled with wit and guts art's essential topics and questions. □

FICTION: NOVELS

Twisted tongues

Sheila MacLeod

The Hustler
JOHN HENRY MACKAY *Alyson,* distributed by GMP £4.95
The Sea-Crossed Fisherman
YASHAR KEMAL *Harvill Press* £9.95
The Secret Life of Saeed the Pessoptimist
EMILE HABIBY *Zed Press* £9.95 & £3.95
The Modern Common Wind
DON BLOCH *Heinemann* £9.95

I SCARCELY EVER read books written by foreigners. This is not because I am xenophobic but because I find the quality of translation generally so poor, often downright appalling. It is irritating enough to come upon Germanic constructions and French inversions in a work of non-fiction, but in a novel page after page of unEnglish English can serve to wreck the whole enterprise. Why should translations of novels be so bad? Who does them? I suspect that they are undertaken by academics or by people who are either bilingual or polyglot by an accident of birth, rather than by genuine writers who have a spot-on ear for the nuances of the English language.

The Hustler is a case in point. This novel, written by the legendary Sagitta, otherwise John Henry Mackay, is surely a classic. Set in the Berlin of the 1920s, it traces the relationship between Gunther, a gauche but pretty boy from the countryside, and Hermann, a slightly older closet homosexual who works for a publishing house. Thanks to the advice of the other street-boys, Gunther soon learns how to survive by selling his services to a series of 'gentlemen', and his fortunes vary from the sumptuous to the utterly broke. It is during one of his latter periods that he allows himself to be befriended by Hermann who is romantically in love with him. But love is not at first a word which features in Gunther's subliterate and streetwise vocabulary.

The conflict between the two modes of relationship is based in class as well as in temperament, and the misunderstandings are beautifully handled. The seamy life of the

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hustlers is described with vivid affection and their persecution at the hands of the state with an incredulous horror which yet has to be believed. It seems that much of Mackay's own experience (in the person of the doting Hermann) went into the novel, which is written in a tone of luminous but robust honesty. But the translation is full of Germanic convolutions which clog up the narrative flow, or of outdated American 'slang' (the word itself is outdated) which was surely never spoken by anyone.

Yashar Kemal is a novelist of some stature — and not only in his native Turkey — but in his latest novel **The Sea-Crossed Fisherman** he, too, is often ill-served by his translator. The novel is set in a fishing community on the shores of the Sea of Marmara and in Istanbul. It is full of long descriptions of the natural landscape or seascape and, because his characters are so much a part of both, I assume that such passages must reveal some of Kemal's strength as a writer. But you would never think so to read them in this English version where cliché follows cliché and the only adjectives which are not tired out are rare or obscure ones, seemingly dredged from the thesaurus.

A pity, because there is much else here to praise or enjoy. Kemal's remaining strengths are his sure narrative sense and his ability to render the impoverished lives of his characters in richly literary terms. Selim, the fisherman of the title, and Zeynel, an orphan boy who kills a local gangster and becomes an outlaw, both achieve almost emblematic status, alternating between hero and villain in the eyes of their peers or the mythology of the general public. The accreted layers of legend, bred of gossip, jealousy and credulity, belong to the oral tradition of storytelling. But the stark descriptions of poverty and frustration, especially those of the children who have to fend for themselves, are strictly naturalistic and are often hideously moving.

With Emile Habiby's **The Secret Life of Saeed the Pessoptimist** we move to the satiric mode and to Israel. Saeed is supposedly relating his highly improbable adventures to Habiby who is an Arab journalist working in Israel. A pessoptimist is exemplified as a woman who can say of the brutal death of her son-in-law, 'It's best it happened like this, and not some other way.' And Saeed himself is a Candide-figure, a sort of holy fool who endures a series of tragi-comic experiences as an Arab trying to be a good Israeli citizen. What emerges most strongly from the novel is a bitter portrait of the State of Israel as a monolithic and heartlessly repressive, even sadistic one. The translation, sponsored by the Project of Translation from Arabic, is excellent.

And now here's a funny (peculiar) thing: a novel which is a sort of fake translation. **The Modern Common Wind** by Don Bloch is written in a curious African English which at first reminded me irresistibly of John Bird's impersonations of Kenyatta, but soon had me totally convinced. The title refers to one of the African (Kenyan?) names for leprosy, and the novel is essentially about the lives of lepers within — or indeed cast out from — their village communities over the last perhaps 50 years. Which hardly sounds promising. But this is no tale of unrelieved agony. True, Asha Makhoka, the first leper in her community, suffers outrageously, but her sister is cured by the white man's medicine, dâpsone. And Omuleli, who sees signs of the disease in himself and books himself into the hospital at Asembo which is little better than the Camp Lepra of former years, is discovered after all not to have contracted the disease.

Here is a novel of both charm and weight, written as if in the oral story-telling tradition, but displaying uncommon literary skill as well as an unflagging compassion. And — sorry, all you polyglots — it is clearly written by a real and quirkily original novelist. □

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FICTION: STORIES

Glasgow-getters

Liz Heron

Lean Tales
JAMES KELMAN, AGNES OWENS, ALASDAIR GRAY *Cape* £8.95
Streets of Stone
ed. MOIRA BURGESS and HAMISH WHYTE *Salamander* £4.95
The Sound of Hooves
BRYAN MACMAHON *Bodley Head* £8.95

AT THE END of **Lean Tales** is a postscript by Alasdair Gray chronicling 'how *Lean Tales* was made' and detailing, through the writing histories of its three authors, the economic obstacles to literary production in Scotland — problems of getting published, of earning a living. It's paradoxical but aptly anti-utilitarian that the long haul should culminate in this lavishly produced volume, beautifully designed (by Gray) and with a gilt-tooled binding.

Of course it's the success of Gray's writing that has attracted interest in the rest of the Glasgow scene and it was at his instigation that Agnes Owens and James Kelman joined him in these pages. But if they've got here on Gray's coat-tails, they stand well able to be judged each on their own account. As an ensemble collection this also reveals something of what these very different writers share: an absence of any easy or comfortable relation between their work and the geography in which it is rooted.

In Gray's slice of the book are some stories, a few curt parables and two biographical sketches — of the writer Joan Ure and the painter Alasdair Taylor — both of which connect the artist to the conditions of Scotland's cultural life. The idea of experience vindicated by the creative imagination links them to 'A Report to the Trustees', a sober account of the youthful Gray's getting of wisdom, which is infused with some of the wisdom so painfully got. Best entertainment value is 'The Story of a Recluse', a prodigious piece of literary invention in which Gray probes the fragment of an unfinished R.L. Stevenson story as a source of clues to its phantom remainder, drawing on his incisive knowledge of Stevenson's other work to give it life.

Kelman's writing I find the hardest to respond to, with the relentless masculinity inside which its characters are trapped, along with a seemingly addictive sense of failure, living by their wits on the working-class margins. Blowing his wages on a card game, loitering in betting shops, dossing and drifting, this is the same lone itinerant, in constant flight from himself and going over the same ground again and again. Yet his combination of seedy naturalism and aggressive stream-of-consciousness gives his stories a cumulative intensity and a heightened feeling of being just on the paranoid verge of non-survival, even if his rare departures into more restful contemplation come as a relief.

Like Kelman, Owens pushes the concrete details of experience to their hallucinatory limit, though here it's a hysterical madness that lies on the other side. Less expert than the others, she sometimes falters, but the range of emotions and situations she deals in is bold. She's at her best in the skin of her women characters, usually middle-aged, hard up and at the end of their tether — or curdling with repression. But she also knows how to lift the lid and take some nippy revenge. The first time I read her story 'Arabella' it stayed flat on the page. But when I heard her read it on *Book Four* recently, the words set my teeth on edge with their tart nastiness.

Much of the writing in **Streets of Stone** plays on the mind's ear in similar fashion, either with nuances of tone or with the patterns and rythms of Glasgow speech. The latter is often used to humorous effect, not as some impenetrable local code imposed by the dictates of naturalism, but as genuine experimentation with language.

One of its foremost contemporary exponents is Tom Leonard. 'Honest', a small treatise masquerading as a self-tormenting monologue, sees him pondering the travails of writing and the whole question of linguistic artifice and convention — and backing off against the inevitable spectre of pretension. This mock vacillation is utterly consistent with the character of much Glasgow writing: too knowingly the product of complex cultural pathologies — the inferiority/superiority duality being only one — to run any risk of parochialism.

Streets of Stone is a companion volume to *Noise and Smoky Breath,* an anthology of 20th-century Glasgow poems published in 1983 by the Third Eye Centre and also edited by Hamish Whyte, and a book that opened my eyes to just how much literary life had been

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fermenting in the city for the last two decades. This collection of Glasgow stories begins with some vivid social realism from Edward Gaitens in the Thirties, alongside a neat piece of 1936 satire of tenement life by George Friel, and travels on through a rich variety of fictional themes, styles and perspectives — 22 different writers in all. There's a strong emphasis on the Sixties and Seventies and some cross-over with *Lean Tales:* several stories by Gray and Kelman, and one by Joan Ure. It's a carefully edited sample-book of Glasgow literary history which gives plenty of pointers for rediscovering some writers who were never properly discovered in the first place.

Bryan Macmahon has a skilful mastery of atmosphere and a rich store of imagery. In **The Sound of Hooves** he weaves grave stories of a rural Ireland beckoning with tradition and a benign overseeing Catholicism. All the starry dawns and the seals coupling in the moonlight, the wild seas and the fascination of the Celtic trance do not in the end redeem the inherent conservatism of the writer's vision. It's at its least attractive in a frequent linking of women characters with the vital natural energies and fertility essences that play a large part in this particular folk magic. □

Assumptions

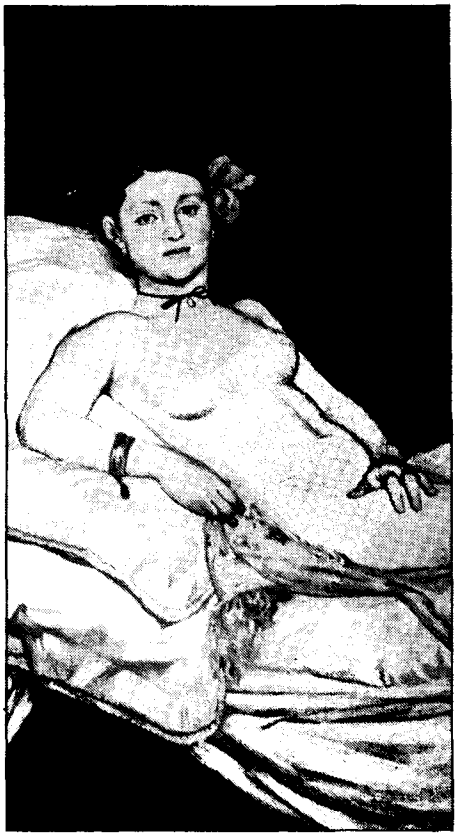
Geoff Dyer

The Painted Witch
EDWIN MULLINS *Secker* £15

IN THE TATE there is a nasty and silly exhibit by Allen Jones called *Chair;* it is a plastic model of a woman in standard pornographic uniform (stiletto boots, leather corset and so on) lying on her back with knees drawn back over her head so that thighs and buttocks form a seat. Not that it's there actually to sit on; the point is to let us flirt with the *idea* of sitting on it without the ignominy of actually doing so.

Edwin Mullins does not mention Jones's chair but it serves as the most literal embodiment of the values which, he is shocked to discover, 'lie hidden' in some of our favourite paintings. Disturbed by Germaine Greer's line about women having very little idea of how much men hate them, Mullins takes himself off to the National Gallery and finds it transformed into a museum of strip-teases, rapes and male fears. Turning to art as 'the principal historical witness to what men have really felt about women' he goes on to look at how male artists have depicted women and women's sexuality.

Now, a line from Germaine Greer, coupled with the old Freudian point about the artist expressing as a kind of reality fantasies which lie repressed in all of us, is hardly the firmest theoretical foundation for a serious enquiry of this kind — and without such a foundation Mullins has to rely on an enlightened subjectivity that is never forced to investigate its own premises. While attempting to lay bare the conscious or unconscious assumptions of the paintings of the past he drapes them with his own. In essence then the method is



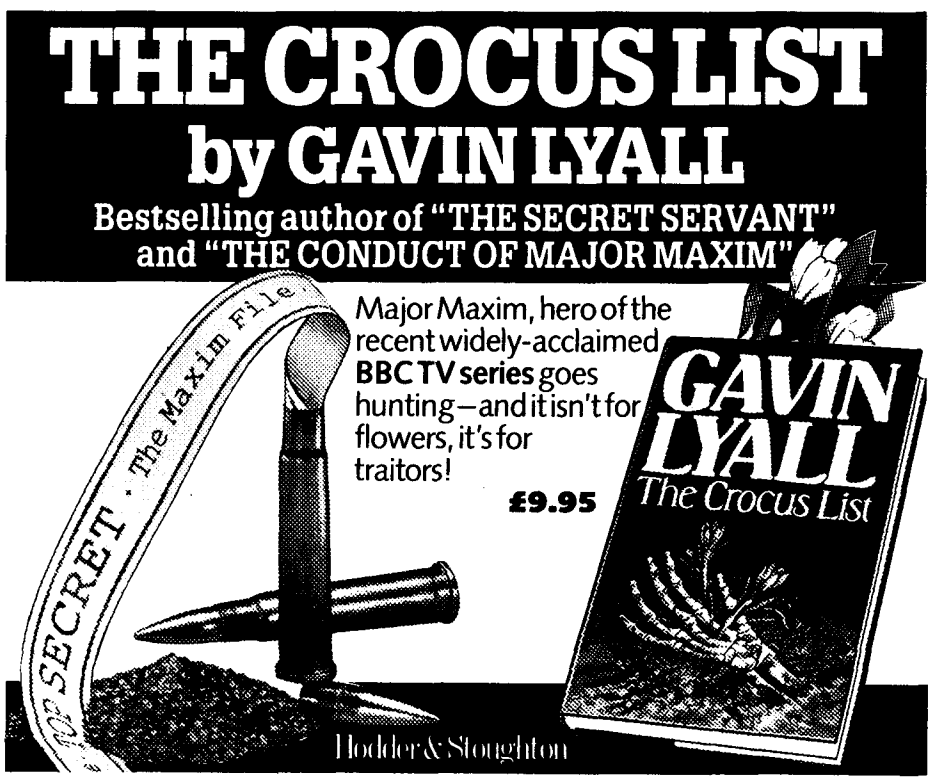
Manet's Olympia with '1960s eyes' (detail)

transhistorical, a working back through the centuries to find pictorial equivalents for the dominant ideas of our own time — ideas which are not seen as being themselves historically contingent.

Chief among these is the notion (which flourished in the liberationist Sixties and Seventies) of an affirmative and liberated sexuality that has been denied and distorted by prudes, puritans and most painters but which is occasionally acknowledged by an exceptional one. Thus Manet's Olympia looks at us with lusty 1960s eyes, 'active and waiting for a good lover'; Titian's *Sacred and Profane Love* on the other hand amounts to an affirmation that 'female sexuality is next to godliness, while virginity may be mean and prudish' — an early Seventies gloss which inverts the terms of what men most value in women while retaining the same categories of binary expectation. The temptation is to look at the paintings of the past and single out those in which we see a reflection of our own gaze, to delight in paintings which most accurately prophesy our own predilections.

Instead of assuming that a pre-given sexuality is either denied, distorted or acknowledged by the individual artist, the enquiry needs to attempt the much more difficult task of investigating the way that these images of women are, in Linda Tickner's phrase, 'the actual site of production of historically specific sexualities'. Without this aim Mullins is unable to get beyond his own observation that 'why our civilisation has produced these pictures, and why we continue to revere them — this is forbidden territory'. Mullins is, so to say, bricked in by his own method.

Given the book's declared intentions, Mullins's task as a practical critic involves little more than a verbal wheeling on and off of evidence. *The Painted Witch* is consistently readable but this ease of expression goes hand in hand with a certain slackness and imprecision of insight and observation. Of Toulouse-Lautrec's picture of two reclining prostitutes, *The Divan,* Mullins writes that 'they have both been making love, and whether they have been making love to men or perhaps to one another is entirely irrelevant. It is a painting about post-coital warmth and ease'. Language and observation here are utterly confused. The prostitutes' faces make it clear that they have not been making love to one another (Mullins himself notes that their expressions are bored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and resigned but then somehow all is changed to love and warmth). They are tired not from sex as love but sex as work. For making love we should read making (a little) money; for post-coital warmth, fatigue. The warmth and intimacy of the painting come from its complete exclusion of men. Mullins's sentimental confusion, allowing men back into the picture as it were, is a reminder of how deeply hidden are those values which jolted him into writing this enjoyable but inadequate book in the first place. □

PAPERBACKS

My enemy's enemies

Alan Brien

'IMAGINE A PERSON. . .' I used to intone, reading away the wartime summer holidays in the back bedroom of our Sunderland council house. 'Tall, lean, and feline, high-shouldered, with a brow like Shakespeare and a face like Satan, a close-shaven skull, and long, magnetic eyes of the true cat-green: invest him with all the cruel cunning of an entire Eastern race, accumulated in one giant intellect. . .'

No educated person can fail to recognise that celebrated description. Turning from the page to the mirror, I would itemise the details hoping for a photofit. Tall, lean? Yes. Feline? Pass. High-shouldered? I wore them so high they blocked my ears. Shakespeare brow? Teenage balding. Mephisto mien? Slanty eyes? Nature had been kind. But magnetic? Pass. Unfortunately, not cat-green, more doggy-brown. The colouring of our cruel North-Eastern race was even paler with me (indoor exile due to acne), hardly matching the end of the quotation — 'Imagine that awful being, and you have a mental picture of Dr Fu Manchu, the yellow peril incarnate in one man.' As a 15-year-old Leninist (look at *his* brow and eyes) I was the enemy of the entire British Empire, ready to front the yellow peril if only I'd had the skin for it.

Has enough attention been paid to the dilemma of left-wing readers, particularly young ones, faced with a popular literature overwhelmingly reactionary? For years I was backing Chauvelin against the Pimpernel, the Roundheads against the Cavaliers, various assorted bolshies, conchies, Semites and dusky rebels against Richard Hannay and Bulldog Drummond. It makes for some curious effects, preferring the author's villains to his hero.

Fu Manchu wasn't exactly, even 'objectively' as we used to say in the YCL, on the progressive side. Just another shade of Imperialist, given to superstition, reliance on individual terrorism and — D. J. Enright notes in his introduction to the first of what became a series of 14, **The Mystery of Dr Fu Manchu** (Everyman, £2.95) — an obsession with over-elaborate murder weapons. Sax Rohmer (once A. H. Ward, Birmingham-born Irish) was a dedicated righty. Like almost all of his fellow entertainers, from Buchan to Sapper, routinely anti-Semitic, he never questioned the white Anglo-Saxon's right to rule anybody anywhere.

Still, the devilish Doctor is the reason why we can still read Rohmer, one of the great good-bad writers, never worse than Ian Fleming, often much better. Even Rohmer shared our admiration for him, and we all knew, though we pretended we didn't, that he had to escape on the last page to threaten civilisation again in the sequel.

For late night/lazy afternoon reading I find him much more entertaining, because he is a natural story-teller, than most of the 'classic' detective story writers of the period, such as Margery Allingham. Her **The Beckoning Lady** (Hogarth Crime, £2.95) is a late example, first published in 1955, but still obstinately antediluvian. All paperback reprints now seem to require introductions, and this one, though around 700 words, claims two authors. They allege that Ms Allingham increasingly injected realism into this kind of fiction, combining exhilaration and excitement with a presence of 'real evil'. I could see no sign of these qualities. Bogged down amid the 30 or so speaking characters, forbiddingly listed in a *dramatis personae* frontispiece but only crudely personified in the text, I gave up around page 58.

Also in 1955 appeared Robert Harling's **The Enormous Shadow** (Everyman, £2.95), a brilliant and original public-eye thriller with a newspaperman as the honest investigator down streets both grandiose and mean. As Matthew Coady points out in his introduction, Harling served in Naval Intelligence with Ian Fleming but brought to the spy story a moral seriousness and psychological complexity it once possessed in Maugham (*Ashenden*) and Ambler but otherwise did not regain until Le Carré and Deighton. Heroes and villains remain but none thinks of himself as such. 'We are all traitors to something or somebody,' muses the narrator.

Coady particularly praises Harling because, while he has 'no sympathy with their ideological position', he is still able to present those who betray their country as human beings. Pluto Crime is a fiction list which sets out to illuminate the world of police and spies from a radical left view-point. Its best so far, by a whisker, is Manuel Vasquez Montalban's *Murder in the Central Committee*, if only for the *chutzpah* of starting with the traditional death in a sealed room — this time during a meeting of the Central Committee of the Spanish Communist Party.

Ivan Ruff's acid-tongued, beady-eyed security-services thriller, **The Dark Red Star** (Pluto Crime, £8.95 & £2.50) exhibits some interesting parallels in plot and style with *The Enormous Shadow*, though here the cynical nosey media-man who stirs up the hornets is an ace ghost-writer of other people's best-sellers. One vast difference is that he is allowed to move away from political neutrality and come not only to respect, but to assist, a defector. A highly enjoyable read on many levels, this has the bonus for *NS*-persons of open allegiance to the Left. A Heath-type grandee, about to bolt to Moscow, asks: 'What do you think of me?' Our hero replies: 'You were a Conservative Prime Minister. For me you can only go up.'

Julian Rathbone's **Watching the Detectives** (Pluto Crime, £2.50) takes an even tougher line. The first, I hope, of a series of political crime novels featuring Commissioner Jan Arkand in the factional state of Brabt, it details the way a head of the police department monitoring police behaviour is gradually radicalised as he discovers how far in the nuclear age the state will go to protect its class interests. It is as if Orwell were re-editing Simenon — highly recommended.

Hands up: how many recognised that the yellow-press title of Randolph Stow's **The Suburbs of Hell** (Everyman, £2.95) comes from Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi* written around 1613? A similar double-take awaits readers who find that this deliberately hair-raising horror yarn of a motiveless killer on the prowl in an ancient East Anglian seaport also has a richly detailed Dickensian approach to character and incident. A sweet-and-sour entertainment guaranteed to stop any hand holding it reaching for the television controls. Don't forget to lock the doors.

Candido or A Dream Dreamed in Sicily (Carcanet, £3.95) is not a crime story. It is a witty, inventive and uncompromising fable with appropriate Voltairian associations about a prodigious boy, born during the Allied invasion of Sicily, who turns out to be unable to say anything but the truth. It is well worth sampling, but I mention it mainly in order to introduce its author, Leonardo Sciascia (say it 'Shyahshyah' — well, I do). His **Day of the Owl**, a cool, clever, minimalist account of a *carabinieri* investigation into a Mafia crime, is one of the best police-novels I have ever read. His **Equal Danger,** known to film-goers through Rosi's version *Illustrious Corpses,* is almost its equal. Both are available in a double volume from Carcanet. □

Michael Bayley

Bastille market

to Sylvia Kantaris

Almost as if gravity
were without its apple,
days took on the lightness

of a sleeping bag
seen hanging as it aired
from a grenier window.

Perhaps de Sade,
wearing a silk handkerchief
of untucked lining,

could have carried
the shock of the giant chrysalis
floating from the rooftop,

but for the cauliflower
with its perfect wig,
glancing his foot

and continuing to roll
into the blood and sawdust
of the fish stall.

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Shorter reviews

Sinatra: An American Classic
JOHN ROCKWELL *Elm Tree Books* £17.50

Forget about the controversial headlines. Think of the music. Frank Sinatra is one of the great popular singers; though, reading his biographies, you would be forgiven for thinking that he was little more than a boozing womaniser who made hit records on the side. Yet Sinatra *is* great; and now John Rockwell, music critic of the *New York Times*, has written the first intelligent study of that greatness. This book places Sinatra in the context of popular music history and analyses the powerful blend of arrogance and vulnerability which has made his voice so attractive.

Although Rockwell belongs to the post-Elvis generation, he doesn't see Sinatra as a piece of musical debris washed up on the shores of rock. In fact, he shows how the singer combines a number of different influences. In his subtlety of phrasing, his insistence on conversational style, Sinatra shares an ideal with many rock performers; while his intimate vocal technique places him within the classical bel canto tradition. Above all, the book shows how he took an average baritone and turned it into a vessel of feeling, so that Sinatra singing Irving Berlin or Sinatra singing Kern is more than a performer interpreting a song; it is a creative process in its own right.

Rockwell admires his subject, but he isn't idolatrous. He acknowledges the failures to adapt to changing taste, the careless film career, the public swaggering. But he also notes an intriguing paradox. Because Sinatra has been active for so long, he can now see young rockers like Linda Ronstadt making a success of the Tin Pan Alley standards which he has spent half a century perfecting. Exiled by the Sixties, he seems more at home in the eclectic Eighties; has become, in the formal sense of the word, a 'classic'. This is an excellent book, well-written and full of original thinking; and it will appeal to many people who have never taken Sinatra seriously before.

David Lancaster

Pig in the Middle: The Army in Northern Ireland 1969-1984
DESMOND HAMILL *Methuen* £12.95

The British Army went to Northern Ireland in 1969 and was, briefly, the saviour of the Catholics in Derry from Protestant extremists. But, as with so much else in Northern Ireland, that role was itself ambiguous. The Army saw Northern Ireland as another Aden or Cyprus and the inhabitants seemed equally remote and unfamiliar.

It isn't just the Army which finds it difficult to come to terms with the situation. Desmond Hamill's new book presents a picture of incompetence at government level through a succession of Conservative and Labour Secretaries of State too ignorant to refuse almost any request that came from the Army.

There are gruesome accounts of meetings with Ted Heath hoping that there wouldn't be 'more than 100 casualties' in an army operation, or of the fumbling Merlyn Rees refusing to act decisively and instruct the Army to round up the leaders of the reactionary UWC strike in 1974 — irresolution which led, in the end, to the fall of the Northern Ireland Executive.

Hamill's problem in this account is that while the book offers an almost clinical assessment of the military capabilities of both the Army and the terrorists on both sides, it fails to explain anything of the context — and sometimes, as in his reading of the Official IRA, his throwaway comments reveal the extent of this inadequacy.

The book is basically one long series of army operations, disgruntled army voices never placed in the context of why they had been sent to the North or why they joined the Army at all. Nor is there any serious examination of the real effects of internment, which receives the same cursory treatment as other major events, the H-Blocks death fast or the use of plastic bullets. These were what fed the Provisionals, yet they receive little analysis.

This book is not for the uninitiated reader. Nor does it offer a great deal to the reader seeking a coherent analysis of the role of the Army — even from the point of view of the soldiers themselves coming to a situation they don't understand, often trigger-happy because of the environment, and with no alternative but the Army. It is just a litany of violence and death which leads one to mumble more familiar clichés such as those in the British press's racist cartoons reproduced in the book. They are worth contrasting with those from the *Irish Times* also in the book.

Hamill seems the victim of his own background as ITN's 'most experienced reporter in Northern Ireland'. On one page he quotes a colleague, David Nicholas: 'More and more "background" explanation is the pious wish of journalists who want to be remedial therapists instead of holding up the mirror to nature.'

The book does, indeed, read a bit like 15 years of *News at Ten*.

Conor Ryan

The Granada Guildhall Lectures 1984: The Right to Know
Granada £3.95

In this slim volume of lectures American attorney Floyd Abrams (co-counsel in the Pentagon Papers case) and Justice Michael Kirby (President of the New South Wales Court of Appeal) discreetly but firmly put Great Britain straight on the issue of freedom of information. Lord Scarman makes no attempt to hold the fort: this was the occasion upon which he advocated repeal of the Official Secrets Act 1911 'lock, stock and barrel'.

The lecturers were introduced by Lord Elwyn Jones, Lord Whitelaw and Stuart Young of the BBC respectively; but the most priceless of these is Whitelaw's introduction and reply to Justice Kirby's contribution. 'My record. . .speaks for itself', he says at the beginning. At the end he comes perilously close to agreeing with every word of the lecture. It is only 'Cabinet solidarity' and, one presumes, modesty, that prevent him from doing so. He settles, in the end, for '. . .if I were to speak as I feel moved by your lecture, I might find that I was expressing some views which would not be shared by some or all of my colleagues'. One may be forgiven for wondering whether a similar comment would be forthcoming now, 'post-Ponting'.

The content of the lectures themselves is, as might be expected, quite unanswerable. On this particular issue Great Britain is the easiest of soft targets. Only the naive, it might be thought, are any longer surprised or ashamed at the lengths to which British governments are prepared to go to close down the flow of government information which is only, after all, 'public information', as Justice Kirby points out.

It is Justice Kirby who provides perhaps the most trenchant and the most poignant characterisation of the difference between GB and countries advanced in this field such as the United States and Australia. The Australian commitment to open government provides, he suggests, '. . .a more honourable, more authentic and generally more detailed basis for accurate media coverage than the leaked photocopy — slipped in an envelope — which has become the alternative to a lawful Freedom of Information regime'.

Perhaps it is not too much to be hoped, this late in the day, that sustained pressure from informed commentators such as the second most senior Law Lord will eventually bring about such a regime in this country. The realistic view, however, must be that the 1911 Act and the rest of the state information apparatus will outlive both this government and, contrary to his own expressed hope, Lord Scarman himself.

Mark Benney

The Other Side of Silence

Woman at Point Zero
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Liberal apostate

Michael Heffernan

A Path from Rome
ANTHONY KENNY *Sidgwick & Jackson* £15

IN THE TROUBLED TIMES after the Vatican Council, one of the English Catholic archbishops, renowned in church circles for his plain speaking, told a group of his seminarians, 'there are only two reasons why a man leaves the priesthood; and they're both between his legs'. The remark was reported to me by an appalled friend from the English College in Rome as typifying the complacency of the hierarchy towards the lengthening queue of clergy applying for laicisation. He and I had both been taught at a school which had been used as a testing ground for a new, humanistic approach to the teaching of Christian doctrine. Within a few years, all but two of the priests who ran the school had left their religious order. One, like Anthony Kenny, was a philosopher of the British linguistic persuasion; it is unlikely the archbishop would have begun to understand his difficulties.

Anthony Kenny was relatively lucky. His archbishop was the future Cardinal Heenan, a cut above some of his brethren in his ability to take the young curate's theological doubts seriously and, one suspects, shrewd enough to recognise that Kenny's public support for nuclear disarmament would not be controlled by bland appeals to pastoral tact. After giving him time off in Rome to consider his position, Heenan smoothed Kenny's passage into secular life. There he had another advantage: with an academic reputation already established he was steered by his friends at Oxford into a lectureship at Balliol, where, 20 years on, he is now Master.

He was fortunate in one other respect. For many doubting priests the focus of disillusion lay in the gap between the Church's repressive practices and the Gospel message, a gap which had been glaringly exposed by the theological renewal surrounding the Vatican Council. In 1966 English Catholicism was shaken by the defection of its leading theologian, Charles Davis, who attacked the Church as obsolete and powerfully challenged the doctrine of papal infallibility. Davis left the Church a committed Christian, and his apologia, *A Question of Conscience,* expressed all the bitterness of his decision. By contrast, Kenny betrays no ill will towards his lost faith or its institutions. He was not a resentful heretic in search of true Christianity, but a liberal apostate who had come to doubt even the existence of God; he had realised, not that the Church should be other than it is, but that he had no place in it.

Those who have experienced it will recognise in his account one of the most evocative, detailed and yet calm descriptions of what it was like to be raised a believing Catholic in the pre-Conciliar mould. No aspect of life escaped moral and intellectual scrutiny, and the division between Catholic and 'non-Catholic' was archetypal. Brought up by a devout mother and grandmother, Kenny went to a boarding school at the age of 12 to begin his preparation for the priesthood. Consistently top of the class, he was sent to Rome for his senior studies. The peculiar intensity which such a commitment gave to his youth shines through his memories of Holy Week ceremonies at the junior seminary, the routine of life in the bizarre academic world of Rome and especially his discovery of rock-climbing and ascent of the Matterhorn. These chapters express a remarkable acceptance of a life which a less confident man might regard as wasted; they have the humour and lyricism of a writer who has outgrown but not rejected his childhood.

Fr Kenny found parish work uncongenial but, by the time he was required to perform it, he was in possession of an Oxford doctorate and the scepticism that went with it. Much of the second half of the book traces the course of his religious doubt. As intellectual narrative, it exemplifies the urbanity of his new-found cultural tradition. In its method — the orderly analysis of religious concepts — there emerges a marked resemblance between the scholastic procedures of Kenny's priestly training and those of his Oxford tutors. Both demand that religious propositions should survive the scrutiny of reason, if they are to be taken seriously; faith cannot establish its own logical rules. The most pressing case for Fr Kenny was the doctrine of transubstantiation, which, as a priest, he could not deny; if taken in its full Catholic sense, he decided, it must be incoherent. On this account, it was by erosion that his faith disappeared. Now he still prays, but in the spirit of a man 'stranded on a mountainside, who cries for help though he may never be heard'. This desolate image of agnosticism could not be in sharper contrast with the conviviality of Catholic life as he knew it.

His seriousness took its most public form in his involvement, as a young curate, in the disarmament movement. He repeatedly showed that the possession of nuclear weapons was immoral under the 'just war' principle expounded by the Church. This forbade the deliberate killing of non-combatants or the intention to kill them. Kenny was easily a match for Catholic apologists of deterrence, such as Norman St John Stevas; but to those committed to the fight against 'atheistic communism' his position smacked of disloyalty. An undecided Archbishop Heenan prayed that the issue would be settled by the Pope; in the event, the encyclical *Pacem In Terris* was interpreted by each side to its advantage.

A notable feature of the book is the way Kenny uses his past writings, whether letters, lecture notes or, when he comes to the formal processes of leaving the priesthood, verbatim reports of conversations with Heenan. In the early chapters, childhood letters render the narrative more engaging. But later, when Kenny is concerned with accuracy, these documents take over the text. While interesting in themselves, they seem poor substitutes for a more lively and relaxed account of Kenny's life as a priest. It may be that such an account is not yet, perhaps never will be, possible, and that the lyrical cadences in which the Master speaks of his Catholic boyhood are inappropriate to his moment of failure. □

FILMS

Disarming

John Coleman

Witness (15)
Plaza
The Chain (PG)
Odeon, Haymarket
A Private Conversation (PG)
Phoenix
Wild Geese II (15)
Warner; ABCs, Bayswater, Fulham and Edgware Roads
Matter of Heart (U)
Gate, Bloomsbury

ONE OF THE NICEST scenes in a movie full of them has Harrison Ford, as an honest cop in Philadelphia, having to hang on to a mouthful of junk lunch while the plain-dressed and beautiful woman facing him takes her small son through a prefatory grace. Rachel Lapp (Kelly McGillis) is the stunning relic and relict, being both recently widowed and a bonneted Amish woman, an anachronism in town just long enough for her boy Sam (Lukas Haas) to have seen a murder and murderer in a station loo.

Young Sam can identify the black man who shot a narcotics officer. John Book (Mr Ford, acting at last) is the policeman who finds himself assigned to a case which shakes his gun-toting toughness to the trigger-finger. A colleague is clearly the villain of the piece, whereby rough detective John finds himself hounded by higher-ups into taking refuge within the time-warp, religious, farming community of pacifist, non-drinking, buttoned-up folk of Lancaster County, Amishes to a bearded man and not-too-subservient woman. Peter Weir's **Witness** cottons engagingly on to the clash of cultures thus available.

As an Australian making his first film in the

Recommended viewing

A regular selection by our critic from films still doing the rounds

Amadeus Peter Shaffer's rich, vulgar and potent fantasy about mediocrity's revenge on genius, sumptuously directed by Milos Forman, with F. Murray Abraham outstanding as Salieri and Mozart's music cascading from the screen.

A Private Function Blissful and British double first as Michael Mowbray steers top-notch cast through puncturingly word-perfect Alan Bennett comedy set in 1947 Yorkshire. Nagged by social-climbing wife, meek chiropodist gets revenge on local unworthies by stealing black-market pig. (Maggie Smith, Michael Palin).

Favourites of the Moon Summary-defying, hypnotic entertainment from Georgian director Otar Yosseliani, making his fifth film during stay in a Paris he packs with pass-the-parcel thieves, tramps, whores, mistresses, anarchists and *flics.*

Beverly Hills Cop Brilliant young Eddie Murphy (*48 HRS, Trading Places*) hoists workaday hunt-the-cocaine thriller into compulsive viewing.

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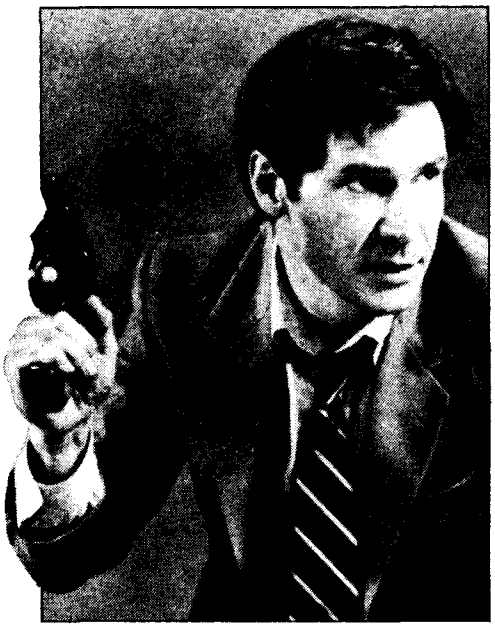

'Brutish' but beautiful
Harrison Ford

States, Weir may be said to have brought a fresh eye to stale matter: venal lawmen, the right for any citizen to shoot from the hip, the absolute rottenness of moral values passim. What is not so unexpected from this skilful director is that he should settle on an ethical enclave, a past pocket of obstinacy persisting in the reach-me-down clobber of civilisation as we know it. He already made a botched shot at this with the semi-mystical toying with Aborigines in *The Last Wave*, a monument to pretentiousness. It is fine, then, that he should come at once cleanly and cynically to a tale of a battered, brutish representative of raw justice being worriedly tamed by an archaic community and make it — in sharp detail — work so well. Citified corruption gets a bloody, persuasive treatment; but the life of John, seduced into an alien code, is the summoning centre of *Witness*.

That the area is a tourist attraction is not ignored. In fact, when Mr Ford flings violent fists in defence of the taunted Amish harbouring him, the film gives a swift left-right to our expectations: he has bloodied a sneering nose or two, but an elderly onlooker is so pissed off by this un-Amish comportment that he protests about the damage it may do to coach-parties *and* the incident leads to the outraged senior citizen divulging John's asylum to the bad fuzz after him. Weir constantly confronts us with conscience-stricken niggles. A large claim, perhaps, for a thriller with a difference.

But the difference is that this one is more concerned to establish a working climate of goodness than to thrill. It may be convenient that the widow nursing — and falling for — Mr Ford's anguished cop should be so visually arresting: when she and deeply enamoured John rush into a clinch in the waving fields, it is a consummation devoutly to be wished. But a police car then wickedly appears over the horizon, a complex grain-burial and shoot-out ensue and (the baddies disposed of) there is in every sense a departure from the norm. Mr Ford drives away from the superb Kelly McGillis profile. He got his men but failed with the woman, one of the larger dislocations in film history since the end of *The Third Man*. And this chaste close is chastening, a come-uppance for schooled viewers who trust that the fellow with the biceps and bullets gets the beauty.

Jack Gold's **The Chain** loosely pretends to hang itself on the seven deadly sins, being a comical assembly around as many London-based couples and singles moving from one house to another. Rightly reckoning that nest-shifting scores high in anyone's list of traumata, that other winsome Jack — Mr Rosenthal, who shall be named for his canny ear wackily spot on in such items as *Barmitzvah Boy, The Knowledge* and *P'Tang Yang Kipperbang* — here negotiates us splendidly around metropolitan postal districts ranging from Tufnell Park to Holland Park, giving many of his best lines to Warren Mitchell as the philosophic daddy of all removal men. One of the pleasures of this domestic assembly is precisely that it nips so nervily about a recognisable spread of streets and the sort of folk, black, white and grey, who inhabit them. With a thunderous cast (Billie Whitelaw, Phyllis Logan, Leo McKern *inter alia*, though Mr McKern, alas, *is* damn near interred in the one sentimental episode), it speaks little volumes about the way we re-habitat now, from colour-sup. snobbery to a kind of sidelong mobility. Where it is funny, which is variously, it is extremely so. But its keenness tends towards Kleenex-disposable, maybe too near the clenched parochial knuckle for box-office comfort abroad.

In short: **A Private Conversation** is there to prove that a fascinating Soviet director, Nikita Mikhalkov, can have an off-day and night as he old-fashionedly spotlights a pair of warring, separated marrieds; **Wild Geese II** is a second-best, sharing a title and a brief re-cap of Richard Burton footage with something else again, a sub-Deighton imbroglio ill-focused on a TV-promoted shot to free Hess from Spandau with liberated Sir Laurence Olivier as the exercise's object, reasonably wanting and getting back to his cell; **Matter of Heart** is a talky documentary around Jung, existing somewhere uneasily between a Child's Guide to the Collective Unconscious and a very spiky and adult hint of awkwarder things. □

THEATRE — 1

Ways with Will

Benedict Nightingale

Antony and Cleopatra
Chichester
Henry V
Barbican
As You Like It
Stratford

'THERE IS THIS slow, over-emphatic, line-breaking delivery of the text,' wrote Peter Hall of the RSC we've come to know, love and boggle at. 'The actors are so busy telling us the ambiguities and the resonances that there's

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little or no sense of form.' And yes, that has happened, and happens still, explaining perhaps why performances at Stratford or the Barbican regularly last half-an-hour longer than anyone else's production of the same play. Indeed, much has happened that must madden the company's founder, along with the rest of us. Over the years there's been example after example of smart-arsed fuss and brainy ado as director after director has sought to prove to colleagues and the world that there's always something new and improbable to be spun from those venerable texts. And yet, one has grudgingly to admit it, there's nothing like the production of a big Shakespeare play at some lesser address to reconcile one to the RSC even at its most gratuitously highfaluting.

Take the **Antony and Cleopatra** that flimsily bustles across that part of the Chichester stage not filled with tall, chic cubes vaguely evocative of shower-cabinets or avant-garde wardrobes. Robin Phillips, who directs, has long been famous for playing imaginative games in rehearsal, the sort that supposedly encourage performers to question and deepen their interpretations — but what were the main objects of imitation in his charades this time? Butchers? Sprinters? Wallpaper? The text has been savagely cut, cinematic fluency apparently being more important than investigation of situation and character; almost every supporting part is played with an instinct for the dull and two-dimensional verging on the pathological; and not all the principals fully earn the prominence thus capriciously thrust upon them.

The surrounding gloom makes it seem as if Norman Rodway, feisty and ebullient as always, is striking more creative sparks off Enobarbus than he actually is. Something of the sort could also be said of Philip Franks's Octavius, an earnest curate in search of a nice big parish of his own, even of Diana Rigg's Cleopatra, whom I'd expected to be more sufficient, more complete. 'We cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears,' we're told, 'they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report'; but this time we can, because the snarl and rasp of Miss Rigg's storms would no more tax a good-sized teacup than would the other aspects of her personal meteorology. She's quite passionate and vindictive, quite wily and manipulative, quite commanding and menacing, quite regal in defeat and death, quite everything and not quite enough anything. It's difficult wholeheartedly to believe in either her pain or her lust, whether for Antony or power, because they themselves seem less than wholehearted. She can threaten to 'unpeople Egypt', and sound less genocidal than a headmistress at morning assembly.

Only Denis Quilley's curly-pated Antony — is there a living actor better able to communicate magnanimity, geniality and the like? — contradicted my feeling that the production needed more time, more consideration, more imagination, more intellectual and emotional graft, more of all those things that have made the RSC what it intricately is. Mark you, my revived enthusiasm was somewhat tested the next night, when Ian McDiarmid's Chorus scuttled onstage at the Barbican. His sharp, shiny face and chopped hair, his jump suit and scarf cumulatively gave him the look of an over-the-hill para or SAS man; his voice veered from the pedantic to the pleading to the teasing to the browbeating to the feverish. It was a bravura attempt to inject freshness and variety into a not-very-rewarding role, and that, as often with the RSC, was what was wrong as well as right with it. Narrators exist for plays, not plays for narrators, as began to seem the case here.

Still, **Henry V** proper receives a well-rounded production from Adrian Noble, one that accepts but does not over-emphasise John Arden's aperçu that 'while the surface meaning is that Agincourt was a lovely war, there are so many corrections of this view that one is forced to wonder if the author had not written a secret play within the official one'. The thief Bardolph is garotted centre-stage, then lolls there, his dead mouth spectacularly drooling; the camp-boys are seen being slaughtered by the French and then are left to lie, twisted human sacks among the scattered baggage, for most of the rest of the evening; and the conquering English are as ragged, dank and glum as any anti-militarist could wish. Kenneth Branagh's king becomes shrill and monotonous at moments of passion, which is a pity but not an inappropriate pity, given his unromantic reading of the role. Here's a very young, unformed and even callow man forcing himself to provide the leadership and set the example circumstances say he must — and ending the great battle, not in triumph, but in stress, exhaustion, tears.

By the overblown standards of his recent *Lear*, Noble's scenic effects are pretty modest. The most striking simply has the English crouched beneath tarpaulin that half-protects them from a somewhat excessively uniform rainstorm, tidily sprinkling from the flies. His production of **As You Like It** is more visually surprising, set as it is in a sort of pastoral living-room: mirror, grandfather clock, chairs and swathes of white cloth that become snow, a rustic tent and, aided by green light, the bosky sward. That's not just decorative cleverness, either. Town and country overlap for the same reason that the usurping Frederick and his banished brother are both played by Joseph O'Conor, in each case accompanied by a retinue of the identical actors. The bad duke and the court are the flip side of the good duke and the forest. They're halves of a single whole, waiting for the reconciliation that seems likely to occur at the play's end.

The quotes from Jung in the programme are clearly intended as clues; and not only here. The original *As You Like It*, back in Elizabethan times, presented its audiences with a young man flirting with a boy playing a girl disguised as a boy pretending to be a girl. Now that actresses play female roles, we don't get quite that concentrated confusion of sexual identities; but we've something suggestive enough, an actor seriously dallying with a woman-girl-boy-girl. Whether or not it's sensible to talk of Orlando discovering and embracing his 'anima' and Rosalind her 'animus', as Jungians presumably would, it would seem that both characters emerge from their love-games a bit wiser and more complete. That, at least, is what the production would have us think.

And somehow it works, in defiance of all my best prejudices. I believe sub-texts should be left to reverberate where they belong, not hauled up into the glare of the arc-lights. I dislike seeing texts strongly slanted by a director, I dislike obvious 'interpretative lines', I dislike being violently and superfluously reminded of a play's contemporary 'relevance' by performers wearing bowlers, braces, tuxedos, donkey-jackets, as happens here. I don't like attention-grabbing spectacle, or over-elaborate business, or excessively strenuous characterisation, or much else that seems not to perturb Noble. And yet there are times at Stratford — for instance, when Juliet Stevenson's marvellously bright, buoyant and sexy Rosalind becomes marvellously grave, melancholy and sombre too — when he achieves a complexity and, yes, a depth I don't recall sensing in any previous production of the play. Perverse, infuriating, maddening the RSC may be; it still sets standards others seem able only to stand and gawp at. □

ROCK MUSIC

Self-love

Barney Hoskyns

PRINCE IS THE diminutive personage from Minneapolis who stole up on Michael Jackson's heels when America had tired of last summer's hysterical Jacksonmania. He was just what pop music had been waiting for — a prancing punk, neither black nor white, whose music didn't simply cross over from a black to a white audience but was in its very inception as much theatrical rock pomp as it was slick soul cool. He was a camp Jimi Hendrix.

Little Richard's kid sister, Julie Burchill called him, and in his psychedelic Regency collars he made Michael look *passé*. He was a sexy megalomaniac, beguiling millions of teens into seeing the embarrassing *Purple Rain*, essentially a feature-length promo-video for the album of that name.

And yet, as things have turned out, Prince Rogers Nelson is even stranger than Wacko. Each successive album has revealed yet greater depths of narcissism and self-absorption than we'd feared from the previous one. Where his early music, like the 1979 hit 'I Wanna Be Your Lover' and the superb *Dirty Mind* album, was lithe, springy pop-soul, his current style becomes ever more complicated and bombastic. He has refused interviews for over two years, and the latest move was to declare that he would never again perform live. (Rumours that seeing *Amadeus* finally turned his head are as yet unfounded.)

The new Prince album **Around the World in a Day** (WEA) has gone out without any promotion at all and is already in both American and British top tens. Because of its garish cover design and a track called 'Paisley Park', it has been mistaken for a psychedelic album. Really, it is no more psychedelic (fantastical/pseudo-mystical) than *1999* or *Purple Rain*, mixing straightforward love/lust songs with lofty pronouncements on the state of the planet. What it really shows is that this bizarre *dauphin* of cosmic pop is more hung up

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Pop's current *Princepal* boy

on the twin poles of his pecker and his Creator than ever.

Prince cannot celebrate sex without guilt. The closing 'Temptation' romps to a striptease beat until God Himself does a quick cameo turn and informs Prince that 'temptation is useless, love is more important than sex'. There is a suppressed sexual hysteria to this music: for the most part he is brilliantly in control, a latterday Stevie Wonder playing every instrument in a solipsistic sound world, but at some point in every song the pent-up libido will burst from him like a fit of giggles.

Around boasts one great uptempo song, 'America' — a sort of mournful Sly & the Family Stone — and the beautifully flip 'Pop Life', but as usual Prince is at his most assured and neurotically swooning on a ballad, the spacey 'Condition of the Heart'.

Style With Substance is generally the word on The Eurythmics, soulful technicians of the video age. Like Prince, they concoct a palatable mixture of black and white, pop and soul. I still think their appeal is primarily visual, but the faultlessly glamorous Futureman-and-Woman team sing out a positive, caring message on **Be Yourself Tonight** (RCA). They are superstars-gone-spiritual, a pair who've suffered the callous caprice of pop fashion and pulled through the stronger for it. (For singer Annie Lennox, it has taken no less than Hare Krishna to show her how to be Be Herself.)

This is 'conditioned soul', as one song has it, not the 'roughness' they claim to be bringing back from the age of Stax, but a chic jet-set soul tailored to Porsche in-car stereos. It works because of their inventive sensurround arrangements and the joyful energy in their performance. There is less of the 'Cool Blue' Grace Jones this time and more of the gospel-fire Aretha Franklin, who guests in the flesh on the proud feminist call-to-arms 'Sisters Are Doin' it for Themselves'.

Playing his first British shows at London's Dominion last weekend was a slick country boy called Ricky Skaggs, whose 'hypergrass' brand of hillbilly bluegrass has given this old-time string-band sound an unexpected lease of commercial life. To be sure, it is a sanitised, airbrushed version of the music Bill Monroe pioneered 50 years ago, but none the less pleasant for that, and never countrypolitan.

To coincide with the visit, Epic have collected an album of Skaggs's **Favourite Country Songs** that admirably showcases his light and airy treatments of, for example, old Stanley Brothers songs like 'If That's the Way You Feel' and 'I'll Take the Blame'. The singing and harmony arrangements of these songs (often with his wife and sister-in-law) are achingly pure and plaintive, a joy to hear, and, as one would expect from the man behind Emmylou Harris's *Roses In The Snow* LP, the playing is divine. A simultaneous release, **Family And Friends** (Sundown), highlights the more instrumental side of his repertoire. □

THEATRE — 2

All shook up

Paul Allen

'I READ the books and then threw them away,' says Alan Bleasdale of the research for his new musical about Elvis Presley. 'Liverpool Playhouse offered to fly me out to Memphis, but I didn't want to touch people who touched Elvis. After all, I never stood in the dole queue to write *The Boys From the Black Stuff*.' Instead his family would find him at four in the morning running videos of Presley performances, freeze-framing shots, and he kept coming back to 'this little sideways smile he had that made me laugh out loud and told me implicitly he was a good and generous man'.

Are You Lonesome Tonight? is still being coaxed into shape at Liverpool Playhouse prior to a national tour and then the West End; the most popular playwright in Britain never to have had a London success seems certain to put that right, but what makes him more nervous even than usual is the fear of doing injustice to a real human being in front of his home-town audience. Presley, believes Bleasdale, was a working-class hero who was ripped apart, and therefore a brother under the skin to Yosser Hughes.

Working-class hero? It's not the image I recall from those late recordings, the figure and voice both coarsened into a gross parody of that thrilling, panic-inducing, liberating performer who burst into our collective consciousness 30 years ago with 'Heartbreak Hotel'. Nor does it seem likely when Martin Shaw, padded and quiffed and wearing dark glasses, waddles on to try to tell himself his life story.

All the bad news is there: Presley's abuse of drugs is almost less disappointing than the way he fooled himself (but nobody else) into believing they were medicine; he did stay away from his wife for two years and then tried to have her lover killed before breaking down in remorse and countermanding the order; his moods were unpredictable, childish and sometimes vicious. And any information he conceals on this long and lonely last night of his life will certainly be revealed by the disillusioned former friends who are simultaneously dishing all the dirt to an English writer elsewhere.

Working-class hero? For all his gift for self-pity and desperate clutching at the figure he had once been, the Elvis Presley even of Alan Bleasdale's play doesn't see himself as that. But using a many-layered narrative technique that is sometimes richly rewarding and sometimes clumsy, Bleasdale reaches into Presley's past to sustain the claim.

Clumsy is a prologue that uses a television montage technique to give Presley's life a social context, an attraction to Bleasdale because the poor whites of the American South are analogous to his own class, not least in that few people have spoken up for them. Here it feels like a way of not starting the play proper, and it is currently being altered. More effective is the playing up of Presley as a man whose background groomed him for none of the things that his talent made inevitable. The King, the Boss, the Man, surrounded by flunkeys, never got more than half the money he earned because hucksters and flunkeys alike were cheating him. And what he had he gave away.

But Bleasdale uses more theatrically still the knowledge that Elvis had a stillborn twin, Jesse. Their mother set a place for Jesse at table, cooked meals for him, talked to him. At Gracelands, one of two pink leather armchairs was left empty (although wife Priscilla sat in it) for Jesse. Bleasdale has Elvis talk to Jesse as though Jesse was the man he might have been, a man able to deal with 'Colonel' Tom Parker, to keep himself out of the army and, perhaps, to go through with the killing of Priscilla's lover.

The heroism, then, is in being too nice to survive in a world that can always make conditions for success, especially to somebody who at first seems like a threat. There isn't any preaching in Bleasdale's play, mainly because his own politics are very wary and unspecific. He comes back again and again to 'the principle you realise on the playground when you're about seven, that some things just aren't fair. I hate to see people ripped apart when they don't deserve it.' Socialism, he concedes, used to be about things not being fair, but he suspects it often isn't now and, after a long sentence with the Roman Catholic church, he won't join anything anyway.

Are You Lonesome Tonight? is, however, written with love. It is often funny, moving and has a brave and startling performance from

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Martin Shaw and a keenly promising one from Simon Bowman as the sinewy younger Elvis; and great music. In Liverpool, where they know a thing or two about working-class heroes, the response is undeniably and excitedly enthusiastic. □

OPERA

Marital disaster

Andrew Clements

The Midsummer Marriage
Coliseum

THE OLD GUARD of Tippett admirers values *The Midsummer Marriage* above everything else. It is largely a sentimental attachment, which has not been budged by the evidence of either *King Priam* or *The Knot Garden*, both of which work better on the stage than *The Midsummer Marriage* and make more dramatic sense, even if their musical substance is less obviously transcendental. What that first opera represented to its composer and to those who had championed his cause was an affirmation of the individuality of his creative genius. The celebration of the lyric impulse that *The Midsummer Marriage* presents so exuberantly was unprecedented in British opera; the wonder was that it could be moulded and contained within any convincing kind of dramatic framework at all.

Now that Tippett's stature is no longer the subject of dispute (in Britain anyway) and his four operas can be seen as a unity, *Midsummer Marriage* seems less extraordinary, even if the problems it presents to any prospective producer loom as large as ever. Before English National Opera unveiled its efforts there had been three productions in Britain, two of them (including that of the premiere in 1954) at Covent Garden and the third by Welsh National Opera in the 1970s — the production which came closest to making genuine musical and dramatic sense. We still haven't seen convincing evidence that the opera can work on the stage without special pleading. Were the music not so overwhelmingly impressive, an opera with such an embarrassingly overwritten libretto and half-baked scenario would have been consigned to the pages of musical reference books 20 years ago; ENO's new version does nothing to help the cause.

From curtain up it is a visual and dramatic disaster; had much of the singing not been so fine I would have fled in anger and disappointment at the first interval. Anger is mingled with incredulity, for the team of David Pountney as producer and Stefanos Lazaridis as designer has given us some of the most imaginative and alluring opera productions seen in London in recent times. How the authors of the ravishing account of Dvorak's *Rusalka*, seen at the Coliseum last year, could come up with something as thick-headed and messy as this defies understanding. *Midsummer Marriage* already comes heavily larded with symbols, with the shadow of Eliot's *Waste Land* and, through it, Frazer's *Golden Bough* hovering over every line; if there is one thing it does not need it is any attempt to graft on further layers of meaning, visual allusions to jar against Tippett's verbal ones.

I do not see any useful mileage to be gained from kitting out the Ancients in different period costumes for each of their appearances, so that the She-Ancient appears as Queen Victoria at the end of Act 1, or why the women's chorus that unites to defend the gates of the 'temple' (here a hole in the ground capped by a giant red spiral) from King Fisher should do so with a form of non-violent resistance which cannot fail to evoke echoes of the Greenham peace camp. Nor does the wholesale rejection of the programmes of the second-act ritual dances in favour of a more aggressive human-directed scenario (which, incidentally, is choreographed in an almost deliberately unattractive way) add anything of substance to our understanding of this act; indeed it rips away one vital expressive layer of the opera, that of the natural world. Pountney's characters exist in an entirely anthropocentric universe, in which everything about them is the product of cool human rationality, so that the inexplicable happenings are made to seem yet more inexplicable and remote.

Certainly the stage pictures are sometimes diverting; far less often are they relevant to what is supposed to be happening. In the third act the chorus lapses into a Sixties-style love-in, while the lighting projects vivid primary colours on to the rear wall; King Fisher descends from the flies astride a globe which later cracks to reveal a gigantic phallus through which Sosostris will deliver her aria; Bella arrives on stage in a portable work station, complete with personal computer. It is all too cluttered to be true and one comes to dread the next novelty to be wheeled on and, in its turn, to be anticlimactically wheeled off.

Twice the stage clears, at the end of the first and third acts, and then the opera becomes genuinely involving. That is less to do with any sudden *aperçus* of the production than with the simple commitment and conviction of the singers, who seem remarkably unfazed by what is going on around them. Two of the roles — Jenifer and Bella — are taken quite outstandingly well by Helen Field and Lesley Garratt respectively. Field gives a performance of fierce intensity, quite outstripping in force of personality her fiancé Mark (John Treleaven), whose robust good humour lacks something of the visionary sophistication the character ought to contain somewhere. Garratt plays the secretary-soubrette with undimmed good humour and vivid characterisation and is the only singer whose words are consistently audible, even though that is a mixed blessing in this particular opera. There is a more than adequate King Fisher from Anthony Raffles, a lyrical, slightly over-careful Jack from Maldwyn Davies and a beautifully phrased but garishly amplified Sosostris from Alfreda Hodgson. The chorus work is forthright and strong, both of which adjectives also apply to Mark Elder's conducting. One might prefer a little less aggression and softer edges to some of the textures, but in the circumstances plain straightforward musicianship is a welcome commodity. □

TELEVISION

Hugo Williams
Knock, knock

QUESTION: how can a building be a masterpiece if no one thinks it is? Answer: when there's enough money about. The *Omnibus* programme, **The Battle for Mansion House Square** (BBC-1) took an ambivalent attitude to developer Peter Palumbo's intention (thwarted, as it happens, this Wednesday, by the results of the planning enquiry) to build a Mies van der Rohe 'masterpiece' on the Mansion House site.

Palumbo, whose life's ambition it was to erect this tower, is the son of 'the notorious Rudolph Palumbo' (Jules Lubbock, *NS*), a developer 'who did as much as anyone to despoil the City in the greedy fifties' (Clive Aslet, *Radio Times*) and 'was responsible for the demolition of the Old Norfolk House in St James's Square, for which he was not forgiven' (Laurence Marks in the *Observer*). His son Peter, reaping the benefits of these triumphs at Eton, heard a lecture on Modernism by his housemaster and had a vision of how he could one day out-demolish his father.

In 1958 he started buying up the tiny mediaeval sites on a triangle of land between Queen Victoria Street and Poultry. When the chance of redevelopment came in '62 'one architect stood out head and shoulders above the rest', a fact which naturally recommended him to Master Peter. 'I wrote to him and got a telegram back.' His plan was for a 60-square-yard pedestrian piazza dominated by a hundred-yard-high tower. This piazza would also incorporate buildings by Lutyens, Edwin Cooper and John Soane: notables unable to defend their work from demolition-by-association.

In 1982, having assembled his site, he confidently asked for planning permission, only to find he had missed the tide of greed and was now opposed not only by conservationists, but the same City interests that had profited from people like his father. Nothing daunted, he set about assembling character references. Architectural pundits due to give 'evidence' for him at the Guildhall enquiry were flown out to see Mies buildings in Chicago. He took rooms in the Guildhall for the duration of the two-month enquiry, brought in his private chef and dished out superb food and wine daily to witnesses, lawyers and friends.

For the sake of our programme, these greying aficionados in their roll-neck pullovers were wheeled out once more, only too eager to justify their unfortunate apprenticeships to Modernism. One wretch became quite tearful to think of the *modesty* and sense of *mission* of the post-war architects; how they had wanted to please and do good but had had 'the rug pulled from under them'. The most irritating contribution here was from Michael Manser, who gave examples of satisfactory juxtapositions from previous centuries: 16th with Gothic Revival, for instance, ignoring the

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fact that the 'breakthrough' of Modernism was exactly that: a 'break' with compatibility. 'You have to move forward,' he said plausibly. 'If you don't, you are dead.' Indeed you do. A good reason for abandoning this clueless banality already dated-looking when it was designed 23 years ago.

The appearance of Palumbo himself, 'a bright, round, enquiring face mysteriously unmarked by aggression despite a quarter century in property', was alarming. Where had all the aggression gone? (Upwards could yet be the answer.) We saw him at his Regency desk, beside his Georgian grandfather clock, brought coffee by his Victorian retainer, staring fixedly at his *idée fixe*: 'a model that has taken over three years to make. It is very beautiful I think.' He gazed at the dull object in admiration and we gazed at him in wonder. Leaving aside the solar overheating problems, the glare inside and out, the ferocious vortex of wind at the tower's base and the notorious open-plan floor for hundreds of forgotten functionaries placed miles from any window, the building is still a turkey and Palumbo a desperate man.

In the manner of the old Benson and Hedges ads, which sought prestige from proximity with real gold objects, he now positioned himself inside Wren's second greatest church, St Stephen's Walbrook, and reminisced fondly on how dear old Mies used to pop in here whenever he was in London 'and sit maybe two hours admiring the incredible geometry'. The problem of Palumbo Tower, however, is nothing to do with aesthetics, even if Palumbo has persuaded himself that it is. The building is nothing more than a by-product of his need to do like Daddy did: knock things down and redevelop them in his own image. Palumbo Tower is his shaving mirror, lit from within.

Property developers are human. They don't like being history's vandals. They long for importance, respectability and membership of ancient clubs housed in fine old 18th-century buildings. As architect John Summerson informed us, 'the buildings Palumbo wants to demolish no one ever noticed before . . . they're really not *important*.' He might have been voicing Palumbo's own worst fears for his career as a developer: the humiliation of one's efforts being deemed 'unimportant'. Richard Rogers, another witness, claimed that there were 'no exceptional buildings on the site': the very quality that so recommends it to those who find attractive skylines in London increasingly 'exceptional'. Palumbo himself, leaping to his own defence, found the existing buildings 'second rate' implying the first-rateness of his own lamentable contribution.

The programme went in for much ironical cutting from clusters of downtown stalagmites to details of the Victorian Society's house museum in Kensington, proving conclusively, for me at any rate, that they were two entirely different things. The last word was given to Palumbo: 'I don't think you can achieve anything by compromise'. But the last image was a computer graphics realisation of what the finished tower would have looked like *in situ*. As it popped up all over the place, unexpectedly ruining any number of attractive or harmless street scenes, one had the feeling that the programme had come down on the side of commonsense in spite of itself. □

Sod it! Not even a squidged single....
Mind you, it's the worst sort of weather really....
...biting wind, sunless sky.... too cold for my delicate stomach, but not really cold enough for my aristocratic Russian blood.....
perhaps my whites are too dirty again?... maybe my osteopath was right: it could just be middle age beckoning.....
NEW STATE 06 WKTS 1 WOLMAR 0
MSCC
JOHN MINNION
THE FACTS: C. Wolmar (age 35) 1984 season: 10 inns, ave 24·67 Highest Score: a matchwinning 71* vs. The Listener

John Minnion

Confessions of a cricket addict

Christian Wolmar

'WHY CAN CRICKET hold spellbound thousands of people who not only are not attracted to other games but would be offended if you called them sportsmen?' asked Neville Cardus*.

I do often ask myself that question. My cricket career started badly. I got as far as the school gates with my virgin bat on the day of my class's first session. But my stomach had hurt all morning and I rushed back to my father's car in tears. Later that day my appendix was removed, according to the fashion of the time, and it was to be a whole year more before I ever got the chance to venture on to a cricket field. The legacy of that day was not only emotional — my osteopath has told me that the bad back that prevented me from ever becoming a bowler was caused by that operation.

Maybe my delayed entry on to the cricket field added to my never satiated hunger for the game. Despite my love for it, progress was always painfully slow. I played over a dozen games before squidging my first single, an inevitable edge past a dozy slip. The first double-figure score took four seasons and only on the day when, as 12th man, I had suffered the ignominy of being lent to the opposition. I could go on recounting my tentative progress through my first 20, my first game as wicket-keeper, being made captain of the fourth eleven, scoring my maiden 50 and so on. That lot took at least ten years. But the real point is how my craving for the game has never ceased.

It may have been temporarily in abeyance when I spent summers away in non-cricket-playing countries or looking after my baby daughter but it always remained just below the surface, ready to be instantly evoked by tuning in to Radio Three during a test match or bumping into a cricket team-mate on the tube.

As the son of a Russian aristocrat and a Swedish bourgeoise, who went to a French school, I can hardly say it's in my blood or that my interest was encouraged in educational institutions. Yet I agree with Pinter's sentiment when he wrote, 'I tend to believe that cricket is the greatest thing that God ever created on

**From the latest collection of his writings,* A Cardus for All Seasons, *Souvenir Press, £8.95.*

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earth.' Except that I'm an atheist.

I've tried hard to understand and come to terms with this fascination for the game. I'm still not clear which of cricket's many facets is the one that tips my usually phlegmatic nature into a raw passion that, to continue Pinter's quote, 'is certainly greater than sex'.

There is the sport itself of course — a delightful contradiction in that it is more individualistic than tennis, yet more of a team game than any of those which involve chasing around after balls and trying to get them between goalposts.

One undoubted attraction is the easy quantification of success. Numbers are paramount in cricket as the complexity of those monstrous scoreboards at the county grounds testifies. Every achievement is carefully noted in a book, ensuring not only that you can gloat over them in the bar afterwards, but a little bit of immortality. Many is the time that I've picked up an old scorebook and read of the cricketing accomplishments up to a century ago of people whose lives are otherwise entirely forgotten and unrecorded except for birth, marriage and death. (Like other hopes of immortality, it's an illusion, of course — as often as not scorebooks are thrown away at the end of the season.)

The emphasis on figures is a throwback to school when the teacher's marks were a total assessment of where you stood in the scheme of things. It's so much simpler than adult life even if, as in real life, you never quite do enough — that brisk 20 could have been 40, those two catches three.

Everything about cricket reinforces that unreality. It's played on pitches which give the illusion of being in the country even when they're behind the gasworks and backing on to sets of semis. Outwardly, the technology and the garb of the game has barely changed in a hundred years (only the pros and the pretentious wear helmets), so the players are in a time warp, utterly involved in the minutiae of events on the field, separated both physically and temporally from everything else.

There is, too, a strong element of masochism. Except for the truly gifted, success at cricket never comes easily. At batting, it involves the embarrassment of lots of low scores, while no rookie bowler avoids getting tonked around. Like most cricketers, I've spent whole afternoons freezing at third man and watching others bat, treacherously willing them to be out so that I would get a chance. The nasty aspects of the game shouldn't be forgotten either. I was once rejected from membership of Alexandra Park Cricket club because my whites were dirty. But no one had ever warned me until the day my application was turned down.

Even now, the two games I've played so far this season can hardly be said to have been pleasurable, given the biting wind and the sunless sky. Yet I'm coming back for more and more.

The truth is that I'm addicted to adrenalin. As middle-age beckons, that half pleasurable, half painful rush of adrenalin as I approach a challenge or a task that stretches me becomes rarer and rarer. Yet cricket can still give it to me. That feeling of anticipation as I put my pads on teases at my stomach as it did 20 years ago. When it ceases to do so, I promise I'll give up the game and take up parachuting. □

Naseem Khan
Mayfest: pt 2

LEAVE Glasgow by the fast-moving M8 and after a few miles you'll come to a turn-off marked 'Easterhouse'. Take it and you will find one of the most desolate urban areas that I have ever seen. Strung out along a windy featureless ridge is mile after mile of identical dun-coloured council housing: run down, peeling, with hardly a shop or even a church in sight. Here the inner-city inhabitants were rehoused in the Fifties and Sixties, far out from the city, in a bleakness that suggests more than anything the contrived, deprived isolation of South African black homelands.

Just one supermarket, said a resident bitterly, for all the 50,000 in the Greater Easterhouse area: no cinemas, no bingo, half of the public park is due to be chopped off and handed over to industry dislodged from land needed for the forthcoming Gardens Festival. And Glasgow city centre itself a 40-minute bus ride away on a slow, infrequent service. The trigger for this list of grievances was Mayfest, the three-year-old festival of the arts that I wrote about last week.

One of Mayfest's particularly imaginative ideas was a bus trip to bring people in to see an extraordinary artefact, the Easterhouse Mosaic. Next to it, the year-round Easterhouse Festival Society had set up an exhibition of local arts work. There was a buffet waiting for the crowds, and a band. An excellent idea, for the mosaic alone is worth a long trip to see. The largest in Europe, it covers 1,500 square feet of perimeter walls, is made up of a million ceramic bits and is, quite simply, beautiful. But hardly anyone came. After all, people said sadly, who would want to come out to Easterhouse? But the bitterness could not but spill on to Mayfest. Who cared about Cuban revolutionary dance troupes? Who cared about Nicaragua? What, they said, about Easterhouse?

Easterhouse, with its 40 per cent adult male unemployment, is not unique. There are other APTs or Areas of Priority Treatment or, simply, poor areas: Possilpark where, one of the Scottish Ballet's excellent out-reach team said, 146 children were known heroin addicts; Garthamlock, where even two years ago social workers had adult male unemployment down as 70 per cent. What is there in these parts to celebrate in Mayfest? And does the Mayfest community programme constitute any more than a token nod?

Out of Mayfest's total £117,000 budget, around £6,000 goes on community events. Grace Grant, who pioneered the community scheme last year, gets full value from this far from princely sum: 40 events this year in 15 different areas. She operates three categories. First are visits from mainstream groups — I saw Cumbernauld Theatre Company in an Easterhouse primary school, Scottish Ballet in Garthamlock and Raskolnikoff. Second come visits by one community group to other areas. Priesthill's puppet theatre, which uses local unemployed people, went to Govan, Easterhouse and Dalmarnock. Third — but not a category that functioned this year — is the scheme to bring community groups into the centre.

No, said Grace Grant firmly, it's not enough. But it's more, she said, than it was, and it's growing. Money imposes a ceiling. Funds cover her employment only from the previous January (which is why there is no central venue, since nothing was available by the time she got back to the job).

Watching community events you cannot but be aware how long-term a job it all is. In the centre, there are habitual audiences. The Glasgow Citizens have their regulars. The Third Eye Centre, celebrating its tenth year, had 'House Full' notices up frequently while I was there. At Easthall Primary School where Cumbernauld were performing *Shoulder to Shoulder*, based on the letters of charismatic Glasgow communist John McLean, there was no such air of habit. The smallish audience was mostly elderly. (Grace had already persuaded a number of children to go home since the play was static and verbal — which must raise questions about choice of production.) Garthamlock Community Centre was, predictably, more crowded, for this marked the culmination of three days' workshops by Scottish Ballet with local children. The friends and families of 60 young people came to see the finished work — five dances choreographed jointly by kids and company tutors. The high sports hall rang with applause, and rightly. For the results were lively and impressive

It's a question, explained Neil Thomson at Barlanark Community Centre, of building audiences, a matter that stirs much debate. One visiting company member thought bringing professional work in to community settings would backfire: the facilities were so minimal that the experience would put audiences off. Better to bus people, he thought, to central venues. In a heated debate in the Mitchell Theatre bar, he had supporters. 'Why should we be ghettoised in some wee mud hut in Drumchapel or Govan?' Others there felt passionately that Mayfest's priorities should change and funds be injected straight into the grass-roots. No, said Ferelith Lean, Mayfest's young director, it was never intended to be a community festival. It was created to provide a festival for Glasgow. Its popularity — audiences rose from 28,000 in 1983 to 44,000 last year — showed Glasgow wanted it.

But what about the 'Schemes', as the housing estates are known? Grace Grant and Mayfest have had some effect: they've provided some catalyst to action, much-needed entertainment ('There's nothing wrong with a wee bit of colour'); they've highlighted round-the-year work of bodies like the Easterhouse Festival Society; they've given a fillip to some local work like the excellent rock group Scheme whose lyrics spring directly from Easterhouse reality.

But they've also highlighted isolation and need. In order to make Mayfest really work for the Schemes, it needs more money and a working team to liaise with groups on the ground year-long. A slow job, but a much-needed model for the future. □

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Weekend competition

No 2874 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

An American cop has been taking time off from his duties to sell Avon cosmetics. His sales talk surely needs an Ed McBain or a Raymond Chandler to do it justice. Extracts, please, from one of his hard-sell sessions. Max. 150 words by 5 June.

No 2871 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

Discussions about Sir Keith Joseph and/or his policies as they might be conducted at a famous fictional school.

Report **By Len the Unlucky**

I've always had a soft spot for fictional schools. In the nature of things, they've been the ones that I've known and trusted the best. On my very first day at the (real) Misses Baxter's Infants and Junior establishment, I broke two toes on a building block half-submerged in the sandpit and, thereafter, my education tended to take place in ambulances, casualty departments and children's wards. Is it any wonder that Greyfriars, Malory Towers, even Salem House seemed havens of order and cosiness? Can you be surprised at my envy of molesworth, Psmith, Jennings and Darbishire? But enough of my own sad story: it would seem that you have *also* squandered hours in literary escape. Yes, some excellent entries. Eleven pounds a head to those (too few) printed.

Crisply, Angela Trimbody, head prefect of the Chalet School, gave her orders. 'Lights out in the dorm, girls!'

Louisa wailed. 'Oh, Angela, just another five minutes! Then I'll put his picture away.'

Angela was stern, but fair. 'All right,' she agreed, 'but what is his attraction?'

Louisa's blue eyes opened wide. 'Oh, Sir Keith isn't a bit attractive,' she said, 'but he's made *other* schools — you know, the State ones — simply impossible for good teachers. They have no money for books, their buildings are incredibly awful, they don't do proper subjects like Latin, or play lacrosse, and the teachers have to dress in rags. Oh Angela, if it hadn't been for him, and the way he made life too dreadful for *her*. . .' She flushed bright pink and her chest heaved '. . .Miss Blewitt would never have come to the Chalet School. How can I ever thank him enough?'

D. A. PRINCE

'Whoopee!' screeched Bunter, clutching a postal order. 'Old Keith Joseph's come up trumps!'

'What?' queried Harry Wharton. 'He's actually sent you a tenner? What on earth for, you fat frump?'

'Well, Wharton, you know those botany lessons of Old Quelch's about the pea family and its place in the food chain?'

'Yes, and jolly tedious they are.'

'The tediousness is truly terrific,' grinned dusky Hurree Singh.

'Well, I wrote and told Sir Keith that Quelch was corrupting us all and he oughter stop him so he's coming to give Quelch the boot.'

'But why the dickens should he, you gross grampus?' snorted Johnny Bull.

'Because he said on the wireless that studies of peas are dangerous and subversive,' squeaked the Owl.

'It's *peace* studies he was talking about, you fat fool,' chortled Bob Cherry, 'and Quelch is C. O. of the O.T.C. — Joseph'll love him.'

'Oh crumbs,' groaned Bunter. 'Oh crikey!'

KEN RUDGE

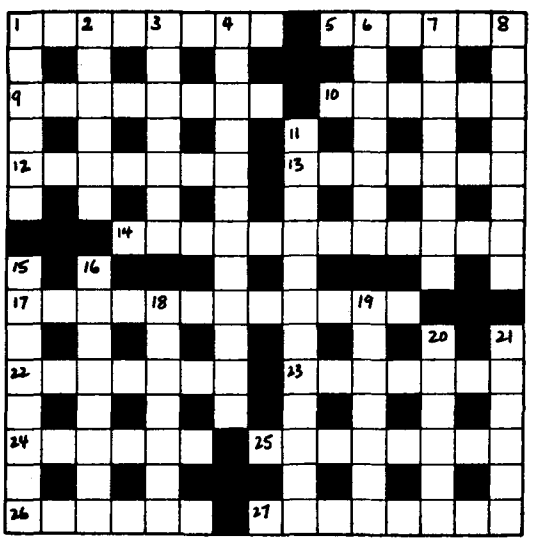
Tucker meets a fellow Grange Hill pupil in a corridor

Allo Tucker. Where you off to?
The new resources centre. Headmaster's new toy.
Didn't know we 'ad one. What's in it?
Two maps and a ruler. But you can 'ave a quiet fag. Want to come?
Why not? Don't know how you can afford fags. I only get a fiver a week spendin'. And my Dad's one of these 'relatively well-paid teachers' old Keef Joseph's always on about.
You poor bugger. Here, take the pack. I've got this evening job down the fish and chip shop. Soon I'll be on cigars.
What? With exams next month? Your form tutor will do his nut if he finds out.
Knows already. He works down the chippy as well. Four evenings a week.
Don't believe it.
'Strue. Marks his books there as well. 'ave you ever noticed greasy thumbprints on your history essays when you get 'em back?.
Blimey. Next thing we know the headmaster will be on the pumps at the local garridge.
Not him — he's too busy organising this month's raffle. We're nearly out of pencils and he's got no money to buy any more. D'you notice I'm never here in the afternoons?
Yeah. Playing hookey?
Not me. It's someone else's turn to use the class pencil after lunch so there's no point in me hanging around. . . Give us a light. . . .

JIM ANTHONY

Weekend Crossword 1480

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1480, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 10 June.



Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

ACROSS

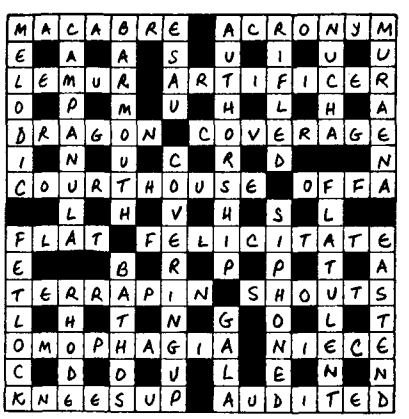
1. In favour of my including everybody in a proper manner (8)
5. Change notes before departure starts for foreign port (6)
9. Asks for money, holding a container, and punishment is the result (8)
10. Milk a bird with a broken leg (6)
12. Member seen in neat ensemble, tastefully dressed (7)
13. Officer commanding the leading American submarine (7)
14. Intellectual who has to squander her savings (12)
17. Hire a building for school (12)
22. Return dealing with the stock (7)
23. Inn fast being corrupted by the young (7)
24. Becomes aware of oriental vehicle (6)
25. One share given in writing as fee for guidance (8)
26. Broadcasts races (6)
27. Take spin horribly, but it is not easy to get out (8)

DOWN

1. A kind of writing about an island is sent up in these stories (6)
2. Don concerned with articles in different languages (6)
3. Her party made play (7)
4. Cheerful old programme on which to listen to old Ray (12)
6. Towns being put up to hold a thousand people (7)
7. Matter of omission in which there are false lies about speakers (8)
8. Get in line on time for sport (8)
11. Kind of word which appears in letters on appointment (12)
15. One who keeps records without decoration when records may be broken (8)
16. Something vegetable for animals to follow (8)
18. Red has run on blue (7)
19. Climbing cancelled and this is the place to show resentment about it (7)
20. Pitch shortly enclosed by a politician (6)
21. Going up like currency often compared with the pound (6)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1478



Prizewinners to 1478

Mrs S. J. Johnson (Tyne & Wear)
J. C. Mace (Weston-Super-Mare)
David S. Petrie (Glasgow)

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Candidates will be expected to show a commitment to the Labour movement and an ability to undertake research. A degree, knowledge of the public services and an understanding of Scottish affairs would each be an advantage.

The salary will be on the scale £8,134 to £9,219 per annum.

NUPE is an equal opportunity employer. We encourage applications from women and men from all sections of the community irrespective of their sex, race, ethnic origin, colour, sexual orientation, marital status, disability or religion.

Application forms may be obtained by writing to Maureen Chapman, NUPE, 20 Grand Depot Road, Woolwich, London SE18 6SF to whom they should be returned by 14 June.

TRADES UNION CONGRESS
TRADE UNION EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

A vacancy exists for a **Head of Department** who will be responsible to the General Secretary for supervising the work of the Department, including the National Education Centre and Regional Education Service and for implementing trade union education policies determined by Congress and the General Council. Duties will include acting as Secretary to the General Council's Trade Union Education Committee.

For further details and application form please write to: **The General Secretary, Trades Union Congress, Congress House, Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3LS**

Quoting reference **TUE2.**

Closing date for applications is **Monday 10 June 1985**

The TUC is an equal opportunities employer.

UNIVERSITY OF KENT STUDENTS UNION
RESEARCH AND RIGHTS OFFICER
Salary range £7,436 - £11,639

The Union requires a replacement for one of its two senior permanent officers starting 1 September 1985.

*Experience and qualifications in advising on GRANTS, HOUSING, IMMIGRATION and SOCIAL SECURITY would be a definite advantage.

*Interest in educational policy research and ability to manage other staff are also required.

Initial salary unlikely to exceed £8,473 p.a.

Further details from: The General Secretary, Ref: RRO, Students Union, University of Kent, Canterbury, Kent, CT2 7NZ, or ring (0227) 65224/64724.

Closing date for completed applications: **Friday 7 June 1985.**

The Union operates an equal opportunities policy.

Oxford City Council

An Equal Opportunities Employer

CITY SECRETARY AND SOLICITOR'S DEPARTMENT
PUBLICITY OFFICER
Salary: £12,243—£13,326 p.a.

Oxford City Council has decided to create a new post of Publicity Officer to provide a comprehensive publicity and public relations service. The Council is a busy, progressive authority involved in the ambitious expansion of services in the historic City of Oxford.

The Publicity Officer will be responsible for publicising the Council's policies and activities, for developing good relations with the news media and for the provision of information to the public about the Council's services.

Applications are invited from people with experience in journalism and public relations. Although knowledge of local government is desirable, experience of working for a local authority is not essential.

Removal and disturbance expenses up to £1,750 will be payable and temporary housing may be available.

Application forms and further particulars are available from the **Personnel Officer, 35 Queen Street, Oxford. Telephone Oxford (0865) 249811, Ext 465 or 361. Closing date 11 June 1985.**

Applications are welcome from all, regardless of sex, marital status, race or disability.

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HOUSING DEPARTMENT
Senior Officer:
Housing Benefit Implementation Group (Housing Management)
SO1 £9,477—£10,107

HOUSING BENEFITS — FROM CHAOS TO CUTS

The H.B. Scheme has created a new range of problems for Tenants, Members and Officers. We are looking for two Senior Officers to complete a team of four, led by a Principal Officer, working to develop and implement policies and procedures to overcome many of these problems.

Liaison with other housing staff, particularly in the Departments 15 Area Offices, will be essential as will liaison with the Housing Benefit Office (in the City Treasurer's Department). This liaison will lead to the production of procedure manuals and computer enhancements.

You will need to be a good communicator both verbally and in writing, and you will have to be able to work effectively on your own and as part of a team. You will have a commitment to providing the best service to the tenants that the present scheme will allow and you will have experience in one or more of the following areas:

Housing Management; Housing Benefits; Training or Welfare Benefit Advice.

Interested? Then apply!

If you would like an informal chat about this post then ring Steve Mycio the Principal Officer for the Group on 234 4715.

This is a re-advertisement. Previous applicants are invited to re-apply and should submit a new application form.

Closing date: 7 June, 1985.

Application form and job description available from:

Personnel Officer
Housing Department
Room 2021, Level 2
Town Hall Extension
MANCHESTER M60 2JX

We now operate a recorded telephone answering service for job applications. You will be asked for the following information:

(a) The title of the post you are interested in.

(b) Your name and address.

So please have this information ready when you telephone.

Telephone 061-234 4726

The City Council operates a Union Membership agreement under which a new employee is required to become a member of a recognised Union.

MANCHESTER
City Council

Manchester City Council is an Equal Opportunity Employer, and we positively welcome applications from women and men, regardless of their racial, ethnic or national origin, disability, age up to 65, sexuality or responsibilities for dependants.

TRADE UNION RESEARCH ASSISTANT

The Union of Construction, Allied Trades and Technicians invites applications for a temporary appointment as **Research Assistant**, to cover maternity leave for a **six month period** from **August 1985**. The postholder will be expected to contribute to the work of the Research and Organisation department as required.

The salary will be paid on an annual rate of **£9,001.76** plus allowances.

Applications addressed to: **The General Secretary, UCATT, UCATT House, 177 Abbeville Road, London SW4 9RL** should contain full details of education, work and trade union experience together with the names of two referees.

Applications should be received by **Friday 14 June.**

FINANCIAL

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover St, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

THERAPY

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHO-THERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

MUSIC THERAPY, LGSM. 01-373 7968 (Answerphone). Individual sessions. No previous musical skill required.

bulletboard

Theatre

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY
01-628 8795/638 8891 24hr info 01-628 2295
BARBICAN THEATRE
HENRY V, HAMLET — tickets available in June
THE PIT
THE WAR PLAYS by Edward Bond — Parts I & II from 29 May

BLOOMSBURY THEATRE 01-387 9629.
Tonight 8pm **HAL HOLBROOK** in **MARK TWAIN TONIGHT** 25 May -1 June, Mon-Sat 8pm (Sat mats 11am & 2pm; Sun mats 2pm). Solid State Art American Festival Events — **A BITE OF THE BIG APPLE** — American Dance & Music.

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252.
Olivier (open stage) 'Pravda — a Fleet Street Story', 'The Government Inspector'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'She Stoops to Conquer', 'Martine', 'The Road to Mecca'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

HALF MOON 213 Mile End Rd., 01-790 4000. Mons-Sats 8 p.m.
SWEENY TODD
by Stephen Sondheim. *'Stupendous performances. . .sizzling'* City Limits. *'Deserves to be a Smash'* Time Out.

Literary

SHAW SOCIETY. Friday 31 May. Benny Green on "Shaw and Dickens". Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Coffee 6.30pm. Meeting 7.00pm.

Music

LATIN AMERICAN Records and cassettes. Music from Chile. Nicaragua. El Salvador, Uruguay etc. Send large SAE for free catalogue to LMS, 8 Bradbury Street, London N.16. Tel 01-249 3334.

LISTINGS

THUR 23 MAY

LONDON Concert for Chile and Bolivia with Awatinas, Achalay, and Chilean Children's Theatre Grp. 7pm Islington Town Hall, Upper St, N1. Tickets: £3.50/£2.50 UB40 from **CARILA 29 Islington Pk. St. N1./Bolivia Cttee. 42 Hornsey Rd, N7.**

LONDON 'The Warnock Report' Spkr. Dame Josephine Barnes 7pm Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. WC1. Adm. 75p/UB40 free. **Org. Progressive League Woman/Man Relationship Grp.**

LONDON Songs of a Free People — Tour by Nicaraguan Folk Musicians 'Heroes & Martyrs': Talk 7.30pm Council Chamber, Lambeth Town Hall, Acre La. SW2 followed by Benefit 9-12pm Rm. 119 with Barricada & disco, bar, food, drink, stalls, raffle. Adm. £2.50/£1.50 UB40. **Org. Nicaragua Solidarity Campaign, 21 Compton Terr. N1 2UN. Details: Dave Mezzetti 01-636 1263 (day) 01-673 7901 (eves).**

LONDON 'Forced sterilisation of women in Bangladesh' by Dr. Hilary Standing 7pm Toynbee Hall, Commercial St, E1. Women only. **Org. Tower Hamlets International Solidarity, Oxford Hs., Derbyshire St, E2 6HG 01-739 1786.**

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY for Disarmament. **Details: END Fiona Weir 01-587 1563.**

SAT 25 MAY

LONDON 'Playing with Fire!' — a day for the unwaged. Noon-11pm Bells Gardens, Buller Close, SE15. Information, workshops, exhibitions, theatre, creche, food. Daytime Free. Eve: 'Save the GLC' Gig with Calusion, Stya Sounds, Soul Assistants. Adm. 50p. **Org. Walworth and Aylesbury Community Arts Trust 01-708 1280.**

LONDON 'An evening for Shirebrook' Cabaret, plus spkrs. from Shirebrook, videos, bar, food. 7.30pm Kingsley Hall, Powis Rd, E3. Disabled access. Adm. £2.50/£1.50 UB40. Proceeds to Shirebrook Miners' Hardship Fund, **Org. Tower Hamlets NALGO/Unemployed Workers' Centre. Details: 01-986 2607.**

CAMDEN 'Homes for All Now!' — gathering for all fighting our appalling housing situation. 2pm 4 Carol St, NW1. **Orgs. Islington Housing Action Grp, 287 Upper St, N1., Haringay Homes for All, 32 Alexandra Rd, N8, Camden Squatters Assoc. 4 Carol St, NW1.**

TUES 28 MAY

LONDON 'New directions in nurse education' Meeting of Radical Health Visitors Grp. 7pm Old Coffee House, 49 Beak St, W1. **Details: RHVG 9 Poland St, W1.**

WED 29 MAY

LONDON 'After Molesworth — What?' Spkr. Bruce Kent. Open Meeting of BAND (Book Action for Nuclear Disarmament) 7pm University of London Union, Malet St, WC1. Adm. 50p for non-membs. **Details: Michael Pountney 01-242 6104.**

ALCONBURY to **MOLESWORTH** E & S Midlands regional day of action to defend Molesworth. March from Alconbury to 'gate party' at main contractor's gate. **Details: Nottingham Defend Molesworth Grp., CND Unit B 14-16 St. Mary's Gate, Lace Market, Nottingham. 0602 581948.**

FRI 31 MAY

LONDON 'Ireland — Time for Britain to Go' Public Meeting with Bernadette McAliskey (Devlin), Christine Crawley MEP, Dave Douglas, NUM, Newham 7 Campaign ToM 7pm Camden Centre, Bidboirough St, NW1. Adm. £1/75p UB40.

SAT 1 JUNE

LONDON Pesticides Action Conf. at Poly. of South Bank. 103 Borough R SE1. £3/£1 UB40. **Org. London Hazards Centre 01-261 9558.**

LONDON Summer Fair 12 noon to 3pm Hackney Labour & Trades Club, 96 Dalston La. E8. Adm. 10p. Org. Hackney Sth. & Shoreditch Labour Party. **Details: 01-533 1761/01-837 3874 24-hr. ansaphone.**

UNIVERSITY OF STRATHCLYDE 'West Bank & Gaza Strip — Life under Occupation' 2-dy. conf. **Org. W. Scotland Friends of Palestine 158 Allison St. Glasgow G42 8RP. 041-423 3601.**

GLASGOW Youth v Trident Demo. Assemble 12 noon George Sq. March 12.30 pm to encircle MoD building. Rally/Exhibition Kelvin Hall. **Details: Scottish Youth CND, 420 Sauchiehall St. Glasgow. 041-331 2878.**

BIRMINGHAM 'Fight on with the Miners' March & Rally 11am Lancaster Circus. 12 noon Rally Chamberlain Sq. Spkrs. incl. Peter Heathfield NUM, Jack Collins, Kent NUM, W. Midlands TUC, Women against Pit Closures.

LONDON 'Tackling Poverty at the Roots' CPAG Conf. 10am-1pm Holborn Library, WC1. Spkrs. incl. Dr. Joan Higgins, Keva Coombes, Adm. £2.50. **Org. CPAG, 1 Macklin St, WC2. 01-242 3225.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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APPOINTMENT VACANT

BIRMINGHAM FILM/VIDEO WORKSHOP

RESEARCHER

Researcher required for new Photography Project: *Imagining the City — Planners, Priorities, Personalities.* (Birmingham mid-40s to 60s).

6 months part time: archive experience and/or picture research an advantage. Details from: **Birmingham Film/Video Workshop Ltd., The Triangle, Aston, Birmingham B7 4BA. Tel. 021-359 5545.** *Closing date for letters of application: 17 June. BFVW Ltd.*

MEETINGS

SOCIALISM AND THE COUNTRYSIDE. Open meeting at Islington Town Hall, Upper St N1, Saturday 1 June, 2pm. Speakers Ken Livingstone, Chris Smith MP, Peter Melchett. Organised by Socialist Countryside Group, 9 Poland St, W1V 3DG. Enquiries (01) 669 5781 eves/wkends.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sunday 26 May 8 p.m. Informal Q/A Meeting 'The Path to the Masters'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

BOOKS/ PUBLICATIONS

CONCERNED ABOUT investments in arms, South Africa, tobacco etc? Send £2 for four issues of ethical investment newsletter. EIRIS, 9 Poland Street, London W1V 3DG.

GUILDHALL BOOKSHOP, York St, Twickenham. SW London's largest secondhand bookshop. Politics, sociology, psychology, theology, history, art, travel, literature, fiction, natural history. . . Personal callers only, Mon.-Sat. 10.00-5.30.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion St, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

GENERAL SERVICES

BUYING HOUSES IN FRANCE. English architect based South-West France offers comprehensive service acquiring and converting second homes in Dordogne, Lot-et-Garonne, etc. Experienced in all procedures. Lewis Willmott, 'Sansou', Blaymont, 47470 Beauville, France. Tel. 010 33 53 95 43 01.

QUALITY TYPING. English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 6617.

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THE TYPING POOL *a women's co-operative.* Professional low cost typing of articles, thesis, letters etc. from script or tape. Translation and typing of French, German, Spanish and Italian. Central London. Tel: 01-430 0381.

PERSONAL

DUTCH GIRL, 18 years, pre-University, seeks au pair/mother's help position until 7 August. Anywhere considered. Tel. Netherlands 03402 43912.

FORTIS GREEN SCHOOL. Dorothy Egerton 90 in August. Join with us in celebration? Write to: *Jennifer, Fortis Green Nursery, 70 Fortis Green, London N2.*

HELP YOURSELF to a whole new life style with Breakaway, 01-991 2169.

OLD FRIENDS: an introduction agency for the over fifties. Loneliness is not inevitable. Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, London N5 2DB.

USA IMMIGRATION, Employment, Investment, Matrimonial services. For free information write: Box 29769, Richmond, Virginia 23229, USA.

COURSES

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF FLORENCE

Offers a unique educational and cultural experience. Expert tuition in the Italian language (all levels), the Florentine Renaissance, Mannerism & Baroque, Drawing & Water Colouring. Special 9 month 'A' Level courses in Italian and Art History. Splendid premises & library in historic centre. Accommodation arranged.

Prospectus from: **David Rundle, Director, British Institute, Lungarno Guicciardini 9, Florence, Italy. Tel. 010-39 55 284 031.**

PURSUITS

EDUCATED GERMAN woman, would like to meet educated, professional people, with *interests in literature and music. Friendship* only. Box (21)0874.

JEWISH RADICAL professionals interested in exploring cultural, political Jewish issues together and forming new informal group, would like to hear from others. N. London area. Box (21)0897.

NO ONE relationship, however good, can give complete satisfaction. Male and 40: attractive, intellectual, humorous, liberal-socialist politico with steady relationship, requires second relationship with (maybe similar) female in need of extra conversational rapport (and perhaps a 1960s etc. disco partner). Age immaterial. London/Midlands/Wales. Box (21)0901.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

WC1. Modernised 1830s terrace, 5 bedrooms, *central heating, 1 mile British Museum. 3 years* from August. £900 p.c.m. Box (21)0899.

ACCOMMODATION EXCHANGE

FLAT EXCHANGE: Vienna-London. Young lawyer, single, will exchange flat (sleeps 1-3, all amenities), Vienna, for similar accommodation in London, approx. 1 month from 8 July. Ring or write Mr Simon, Hartaeckerstr. 44, A-1190, Vienna, Austria; Tel. Vienna 36-77-25.

SCHOOLS EXCHANGE

FRENCH (STATE) School, 450 pupils 10-15, small industrial town in rural Burgundy, near Nevers, seeks UK counterpart for serious partnership and exchanges. Box (21)0879.

COUNSELLING

WARM, CARING, sympathetic, male counsellor. Tel. 01-341 4278.

GROUPS

APPLEGAY, EUROPE'S largest association of intelligent gay men seeking friends/partners. For details write: Applegay, 51b Bavaria Road, London N19 4EU.

HEARTSEARCH

A LOFTY male (35), romantic-natured realist, *seeks female who is (like me) positive,* affectionate, humorous, loyal — or most of these things! London area. Box (21)0876.

ALONE! LOVABLE, caring, professional man, London/Surrey, seeks girlfriend, age 25-32, to share life and memories. I am Indian, but you do not have to be. Box (19)0797.

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT woman (40), socialist, feminist, living in Yorkshire, interested in travel, politics, literature & sport, would like to meet similar male. Box (20)0851.

ATTRACTIVE, INTUITIVE, spiritual, kind, reliable widow, 53, plump. Seeks professional, educated, unattached man similar age — outings, company, holidays etc. Box (21)0908.

BREAKAWAY CLUB provides a unique social life for professional, unattached Londoners, 23-45, who are well dressed/mannered. Call 01-991 2169 for details of free trial membership.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

ENTERPRISING, EDUCATED, travelled woman, town house, mountain cottage, London base, free move, seeks financially secure, professional man, many interests, mutual permanent cherishing, sharing his career/retirement. 60+. Box (21)0871.

FEMININE, ATTRACTIVE, but non-domestic, single woman, college lecturer, mid-30s, into classical music, books, chess, pubs, seeks tallish, kind, genuinely unattached graduate male, 33-42, for caring, loving relationship. Kent/S. London. Box (21)0907.

GENTLEMAN, 51, London, seeks unattached, sensuous female, up to 65, for fun and friendship. Large ladies welcome, nationality unimportant. Replies with phone number please. Will travel up to 75 miles. Box (21)0894.

HIGHLY ATTRACTIVE, *slim, athletic,* socialist man, 42, inveterate intellectual, cultured, sensual, warm, intense. Seeks similar woman, 30s/early 40s, emotionally upfront, for serious relationship. Photo. Box (21)0896.

LONDON BASED. Attractive, University educated, professional woman, mid 40s, interested music, arts, travel, seeks University educated male, for developing relationship. Box (21)0877.

LONDON LADY (64), would enjoy friendship with gentleman who doesn't run, do cart-wheels, or try to recapture youth in frantic manner. Just talks music, theatre, reading, and laughs at life! Box (20)0824.

LOVELY LEFTISTE (35), *languishing in* Leicestershire, looks for lasting liaison. Slim, intellectually inclined lover of literature, hills, theatre. To share rambling weekends, summer etc. Box (21)0887.

MALE LAWYER, 30, slim, attractive, humorous and kind; interests being conversation, culture (some), languages, *gardening and cats, seeks female soulmate.* London. Photo? Box (21)0912.

QUIET, SINGLE, professional male, 6' tall, 45 years-old, non-smoker, enjoys cinema, theatre and travel, but not alone, seeks friendship of like-minded female. Box (21)0872.

OXFORD: ACTIVE, young (!) divorcee (65) liberal, attractive, untidyish, undisciplined intellectual, with wide interests, seeks intelligent, unhidebound men/women for friendship. Enjoys the arts, walking, talking, *Italy, food, cookery.* Box (21)0873.

RAGGED TROUSERED Philanthropist, 36, interests good books, looks, cooks, ale and music, seeks nice lady with smiles, all colours except blue, for love, peace and warm relationship. Manchester area. Box (21)0889.

SCOTTISH WOMAN painter, late 50s, independent, needs to meet warm, open-minded, unconventional man to make 1985 mutually stimulating. Glasgow/Edinburgh area. Box (21)0895.

SERIOUSLY. . .ARTS lecturer, div., ex-public school and Cambridge, tall, stylish, kind, cheerful, reliable, idealistic, Sussex based, seeks feminine counterpart, 40s, for concert-*going and genuine friendship, hopefully* marriage. Please write fully with complete confidence. Box (21)0875.

UNCOMPLICATED WOMAN, SE London, 57, presentable, 5' 7", needs unattached, uncomplicated man, for genuine friendship and TLC. Box (21)0888.

VIVE LA DIFFERANCE! But vive la balance too! Gentleman, at Kaleidoscope we currently have more lady members than we know what to do with. Membership is restricted to professional, lively, well dressed Londoners, 39 plus, wishing to meet other discerning interesting people. A fantastic new social life thats for you on 01-997 8684.

WANTED — KINDLY lady, interested in the arts etc, but also with a sense of fun, aged 50-60, by professional London man. Friendship or marriage, Box (21)0909.

YOUNG MAN, 23, involved in politics but open-minded seeks girlfriend. Also likes music, travel, and youth work. All replies answered. Box (20)0819.

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CHARMING STONE cottage, idyllic position in Welsh hills. Sleeps 4, £30-£40 per week. Tel. Hay-on-Wye 820792.

CHEAPEST FARES. Paris, Caracas, Port of Spain, Singapore, Sydney, Hong Kong, Jo'burg, Nairobi, Istanbul, anywhere. Fareplan, 60-66 Wardour Street, W1. 01-734 9772.

CONSERVATION VILLAGE on sunnier, unspoilt Almeria coast Spain — the **REAL** Spain. Luxurious apts from £14 per person per week. Brochure: tel. 0406 22800.

DARTMOUTH COTTAGE. 100 yards water front. Mod. cons. Sleeps 4. From £90 p.w. Tel. 01-348 0260.

EXMOUTH near sea. B. & b. & e.m. Comfortable, unpretentious, small Georgian house £60 p.w. Tel. 0395 272 074.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London W4 2HD. 01-747 3108.

27 JULY-10 AUGUST (cancellation) Brecon Beacons Park cottage, sleeps 5-7, glorious *walking, rivers, birds, pony-trekking, piano.* Tel. 0272 736794.

LOVELY LAUGHARNE, Dylan Thomas' town, West Wales. Town house, garden, sleeps 5/6. Adjacent Dylan's favourite pub, near beaches, castles, mountains. £50-£90 p.w. Tel. Laugharne (099 461) 569.

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ORIENT EXPRESS to BLACK SEA
£144 25 June-5 July, 3/13 Sept.
£154 2/12 July, 16/26 July, 6/16 Aug.
£144 3/13 Sept., 10/20 Sept., 17/29 Sept.

Please inform us which country you wish to visit.

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49 Thornton Lodge Road
Huddersfield HD1 3JQ.
Tel: 0484 24269

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